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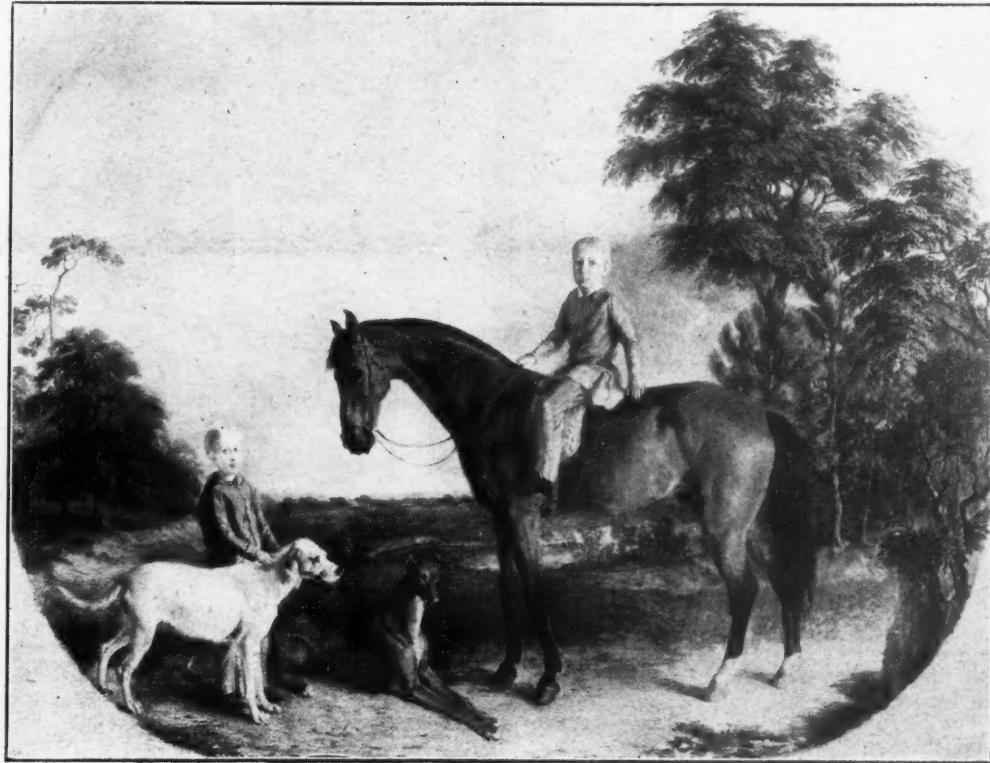
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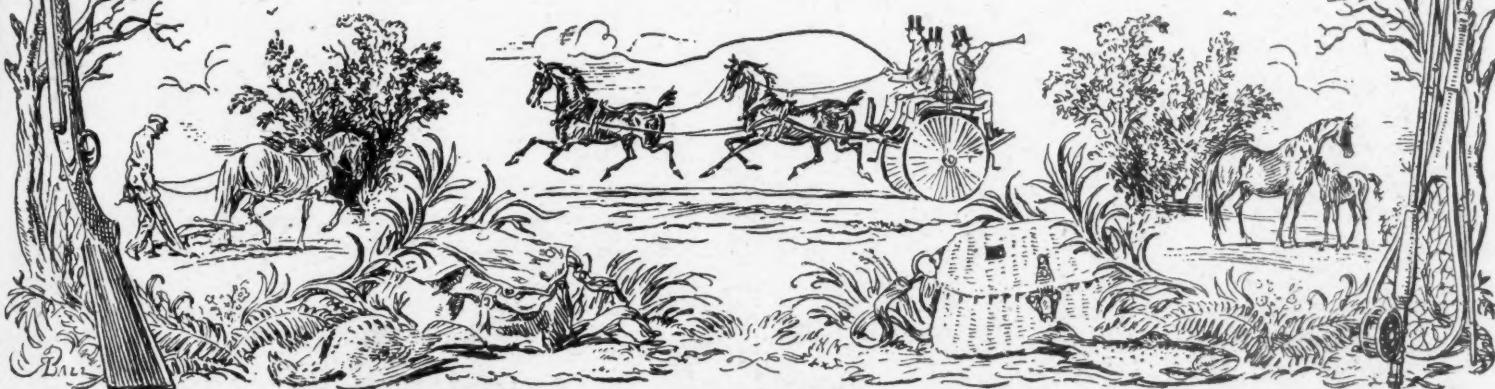
THE FAMILY SADDLE HORSE

Painted by Edward Troye, 1808-1874



Courtesy Scott and Fowles Gallery.

Details Page 18.



AMERICA'S HUNTS AUTHORITY

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The Chronicle

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YELLOW CAB VS. HULL'S GARAGE

The problem facing sport today is how to pay the bill. It seems unfair that athletic activity so good for body and soul, should have to be drastically curtailed because of so mundane and impersonal an article as money, but such is the case for a variety of reasons all too well known to everybody. The fact that money comes first, sport afterwards is a necessary evil, but it is also a challenge to those devoted to the best interests of sport to provide the wherewithall for the game despite the difficulties.

The game that has had the hardest sledding of all in modern super tax-smaller dollar days is that of polo. Originally dependent on the backing of wealthy families, who could afford to furnish athletically inclined sons with plenty of ponies, the game came to a full stop during the last war. Reason: Few sons with the time from the army to play polo, fewer families with the inherent basic interest and financial ability to support the famous sport. It became a guessing game for awhile whether polo would be played again, particularly on Long Island where the big matches at Meadow Brook had been such a highlight of the New York social season.

As the big names faded from the news, there remained in various communities all over the country small clubs that now receive scant national attention and whose polo often is barely mentioned in the local press. The men and the boys behind it, however, are keen. They have the moral support of the Indoor and Outdoor Polo Association and in several instances they have cash gifts from individual sponsors to help with the expenses. Such charitable inclinations of a few wealthy individuals with a social consciousness towards a sport in which they are too old to indulge is not, however, a healthy windfall upon which to pin a sport. Certainly it cannot be the mainstay of polo or any other game with national and international inspirations.

Polo since the war has done little but simmer. The pot has been kept from going cold by these self-styled polo daddies, who have antied up when the public didn't, with such annoying essentials as jerseys, mallets, balls, advertising and promotional work, expenses of field maintenance, travel, and, yes, even the ponies and tack. But while the men behind the scenes have been doing their bit, with the cash, there have been others interested in the game who have been playing and thinking and struggling to make polo a spectacle for the proletariat rather than an amusement for the idle rich.

The idle rich relationship that the game previously had, may have deterred many enthusiastic would-be players, but it certainly should no longer be given as an excuse for there not being an increasing interest in polo on the part of the public. If the game is good it doesn't much matter whether those who play it have tiddly winks or millions. The American public being what it is, would be somewhat skeptical of anybody with a million being able to play a really first class game of anything, but once discovered, they will accept them with open arms, realizing that the wealthy so and so has overcome quite a handicap in being able to swallow his dough and still play ball.

Polo now on its own as a sport for the masses, and making its first tottering steps without financial backing may not have been given an acclaim akin to pre-war international matches but it has been given serious attention by everyone with even the faintest interest in the possibilities of sport with horses. It has a wonderful potential. It has eye appeal, excitement, as much action as hockey or basketball and the possibility for crowds similar to football, if it can be financed. All these pros and cons have recently been brought into practical focus by a program known as the Pittsfield Plan for Sponsored Polo Teams of Equal Strength under the name SWEEP-STAKES POLO.

This merely means that a farsighted polo enthusiast called Zenas Colt, whom everybody playing polo today knows for the work he has done making polo practical, sold the idea of sponsoring matches to local commercial firms as an advertising medium. It means in actual practice that business firms, not individuals, have gotten behind the ancient game of polo, not for an altruistic love of polo, but for cash returns.

When the first double header at Pittsfield Riding and Polo Association was announced last July between the Yellow Cab and Hull's

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Garage and the Curtis Hotel versus the Birchard Buick, polo had taken a long step. Pittsfield citizenry may not have been overly interested in polo as a game, but they were pretty enthusiastic to know whether the proprietor of the local cab company had a better polo team than the owner of the Hull Garage. They came to see. Here is one answer to polo, worked out by Mr. Colt, sponsored and paid for like commercial advertising by business firms, where the winner takes 40%; the winning players take 40%, and 20% goes to pay the incidentals. Net result, a 41% increase in polo interest at Pittsfield, last year. If it works locally, it can work nationally and even internationally.

Letters To The Editor

Beagle Roster

Warning

Dear Sir:

Received the December 21 issue along with extra copies, plus return of pictures. Many thanks.

Congratulations on excellent layout job, etc., plus the good editorial—a really good beagle spread—should do the sport a great deal of good.

Sincerely,

Morgan Wing, Jr., Secy & Treas.
National Beagle Club

Millbrook, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

About ten days ago I received a telephone call from a man who purported to be a friend of mine from a good many years before. Rumors have reached me over the years that the man had fallen on evil times and so, when he asked me if I would like to take a hunter of his with the agreement that I would never sell it or give it away, but would destroy it if I no longer used it myself, I thought it was a kindly ges-

Continued On Page 18

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MEN'S CLOTHING, SECOND FLOOR

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Friday, January 4, 1952

Ramapo Red Devils Easily Defeat Squadron A Regulars

William J. Briody

Al Parsells' well-knit Ramapo Polo Club registered its second victory of the season at the Squadron A Armory on Dec. 8. Ramapo, with Phil Brady, 8-goal Al Parsells and Walter Phillips riding in that order, turned back Collister, Bob and Ben Johnson, who form the Ellisten Polo Club of Peapack, N. J.

Giving away 3 goals to the hard-riding Johnsons, Ramapo counted five times in the fourth period to halt the Ellisten trio, 15-10, in its 1951-52 debut at the New York City arena.

When you consider the fact that the Johnsons have little time to practice because of pressure of business, you can't help but praise the former collegiate stars in view of the topnotch brand of polo they display.

As Parsells put it following the Dec. 8 match: "The Johnsons can give anyone trouble. If they had strong mounts and ample time to practice, they could beat the best team indoors." You just can't relax when the Johnsons are on the scene, for the Peapack riders never stop pressing.

Of course, getting a 3-goal handicap at the start from the 15-goal Ramapo trio helped the Johnsons, and they fought Parsells' side tooth-and-nail all the way. Four times the score was tied. Phillips, who played a fine game at back for Ramapo, put the winners ahead at 10-9 late in the third period and Parsells' team remained in front until the end.

Phillips led Ramapo with 6 goals, while Brady hit 5 and Parsells 4. Bob Johnson paced Ellisten with 4 goals, while Collister notched 3. In the opening game on the Dec. 8 card, Paul Miller, former Princeton star, who has been making rapid strides the past two seasons, put on a one-man exhibition. The slick-shooting Miller stroked no less than 11 goals to lead New York to a 12-4 victory over Westbury. Miller rode with young Bill Westerlund and Fred Zeller, who was outstanding at back. Dave Ellis, another Princetonian, Zenas Colt and Bob Ackerman formed the Westbury trio.

Miller, by the way, is now setting the pace in the race for individual scoring honors. He has registered 19 goals in three games thus far. Phillips is next with 17 goals, while Parsells is third with 15 markers in three matches.

The first visit of a mid-West star to Squadron A Armory brought a smashing triumph for Jack Ivory's Detroit Ivory Rangers. Riding in the feature match of the double-header at the New York City arena on the night of Dec. 15, Ivory captained his trio to a 16-6 victory over the strong Squadron A Regulars.

Getting the jump on the Regulars at the outset and keeping control of the ball virtually all the way, the Ivory Rangers turned in a thrilling exhibition. The Regulars, a 16-goal trio formed by the slick-hitting Paul Miller—he was definitely off his

game—Bill Rand and Walter Nicholls, could do little to stop the hard-riding Ivory outfit.

Ivory rode at back for his team, and he had Herb Pennell and Zenas Colt—they each stroked 6 goals—in front of him. The Ivory Rangers refused to permit the Regulars to get set and as a result the Squadron A side was unable to gather its forces until the fourth period. By that time it was too late.

The Ivory Rangers, a 15-goal side, started with a 1-goal handicap, an advantage they never needed. Pennell and Colt turned in bang-up exhibitions up front, while Ivory turned the play time and again. Nicholls was the guiding light for the Regulars. His play at back was outstanding.

This match was a horse race all the way, and the Ivory Rangers were in front of their rivals from start to finish. The Ivory Rangers, who led by 7-3 at intermission, added 5 goals in the third chukker and 4 more in the fourth.

The opener of the Dec. 15 twin bill saw the Long Island trio of Ed Lynch Sr., Charley Leonard and Phil Brady taking a 13-6 verdict from the Fairfield side of Lou Doolley, Jack Lawrence, trainer for Phantom Farm, and Bill McMath. Brady hit 5 goals for his team, with Lynch and Leonard each getting 4 tallies.

Despite the fact that he was held to 2 goals by the hard-riding Ivory Rangers, Miller continues to lead in the race for individual scoring honors with 21 goals in four games. Brady has 17 goals in four games, while Walter Phillips has the same number of markers for three matches. Al Parsells, 8-goal star, who sat out the Dec. 15 action, is next with 15 goals in three games.

With Walter Nicholls showing the way, Manhattan triumphed over New York, 11-4, as play in the Metropolitan League tournament began Saturday night, Dec. 22, at the Squadron A Armory.

Walter, whose brother Billy rode in the second game of the evening, turned in a particularly fine job at back for Manhattan, hitting 5 goals. Walter Nicholls rode with Dave Ellis and Jack Lawrence, while New York's representatives were Bill Westerlund, Paul Miller and Fred Zeller.

Getting excellent support from Ellis and Lawrence, one of the few southpaw mallet-swingers in the indoor game, Walter Nicholls kept his team's attack moving in fine style from start to finish.

Manhattan began with a 1-goal handicap and won with ease. Miller, 6-goal star, who hit 2 of New York's goals, took a bad spill in the second period when his pony stumbled following a sharp turn. Miller's pony turned somersault, but Paul and his mount returned to the game shortly afterward.

The second match, a non-tournament affair, was a thriller. Five seconds after the sudden-death period started, Al Parsells hit the backboard with an offside shot that gave his Ramapo Polo Club a 13-12 victory over Westbury. Seconds before the regular playing time expired, Walter Phillips of Ramapo tied the score at 12-all.

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Parsells, who hit 8 goals, had Joe Schwartz as his other teammate. The promising young Schwartz hit 3 goals, while Phillips made 2.

The score was tied three times in the fourth chukker, 10-10, 11-11 and 12-12. George Haas, Billy Nicholls, 7-goal New York A. C. star who was making his 1951-52 indoor debut, and Bob Ackerman each stroked 4 goals for Westbury.

In the season's scoring race thus far, Parsells and Miller are tied with 23 goals apiece. Al has amassed his total in four games, Miller in five.

There just doesn't seem to be any way of stopping Al Parsells at Squadron A this season. The 8-goal Parsells, whose shotmaking has been spectacular and then some, hit 9 goals last Dec. 29 at the Madison Avenue armory as his Ramapo Red Devils easily beat the 16-goal Squadron A Regulars, 13-8.

Riding with Phil Brady, Squadron A Polo Club president, and Walter Phillips, who was filling in for Charley Leonard of Meadow Brook, Parsells turned in one of his best performances. The 15-goal Ramapo trio began with a 1-goal handicap which was not needed.

One of the best backhand shots in the indoor game, Parsells was hitting goals from all sides. His direction of the Ramapo attack from the No. 2 position, and the able assistance of Brady and Phillips, kept the Regulars off balance throughout the match. Al hit 4 of his goals in the first period and two in the second. He added 3 more in the third chukker. Brady stroked 3 goals.

Paul Miller, ex-Princeton star, and Walter Nicholls got 3 goals for the Regulars, with Bill Rand, former Yale player, hitting 2. Rand's first goal in the opening period was a beauty. He stroked an offside shot that travelled more than three quarters the length of the ring.

Parsells, by the way, is the scoring leader with 32 goals in five games. Miller is next with 26 in six games, followed by Brady with 20 and Phillips with 19.

The first game of the Dec. 29 program saw Cornell's team drop a 13-5 decision to the smartly-clicking Squadron A Juniors of Joe Schwartz, Bill Whitehead and Randy Crawford. The 18-year-old Crawford, who hails from Fairfield, Conn. and who stars for the New Mexico Military Institute team, turned in a superb job in leading the Juniors to victory. Young Crawford, one of the most promising of the younger poloists in the Eastern sector, hit

POLO

Genesee Valley Horse Country Has New Weekly Event

Michael Kelley

Up in the horse country of the Genesee Valley, Avon, N. Y., a rather new weekly event is taking place. Some of the young and older riders have organized themselves into a polo team and using some honest-to-goodness ponies and some horses which hunt when they aren't playing polo. They have whipped up a pretty fair team.

On December 1 a group of polo playing businessmen from Ithaca paid Avon a call and promptly showed the Avon boys a thing or two with a final score of Ithaca 13—Avon 10.

The first period got off to a good start with Ithaca getting a quick 4 goals, Avon rolling in 2.

The second chukker was more active as a rather unique accident happened when Avon player Bob Davidson carrying the ball up the field, then losing the head of his mallet as he was about to make the big push.

Lou Bailey, a polo player from away, playing for Avon, tied the score in the fourth period and all looked good until Frank Paige, playing for Ithaca, came in swinging and he had the Avon team busy until the final whistle.

8 goals, 6 of them in the last two chukkers. Schwartz, a 15-year-old lad from Huntington, L. I., and Whitehead, a Brown University freshman who is a thorough horseman—his father, Lyman T. Whitehead, Jr. has seen to that—gave Crawford fine support in halting the Cornell squad of Bob Diener, Pete Johnson, Elmer King, Morris Houseman and Jim Laeton. Houseman and Laeton alternated with Diener and King.

Prior to the start of regular program the night of Dec. 29, CBS TV, Channel 2, put on a special program. It was the first telecast of indoor polo in the East, and the 45-minute show was warmly received. A special polo match and nine individual interviews were included. Among those interviewed were Brady, Parsells, Billy Nicholls, young Crawford, Devereux Milburn, Jr., chairman of the United States Polo Association, David Niven, stage and screen star, actress Denise Darcel and Joanne C. Link, stellar horsewoman from Westwood, N. J. Buff Cobb and her husband, Mike Wallace, handled the interviews.

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Racing
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 OF THE TURF
**Thoroughbreds**

The Science of Breeding Horses Is A Study
Of Their Past Performances

Joe H. Palmer

Trainers who are insisting on a high minimum purse instead of a high daily distribution are fond of saying, "The bad ones eat just as much as the good ones." This is no doubt true, but on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope I can offer a suggestion which will stop this.

Still, it is unreasonable to expect a trainer who is getting \$12 a day for training a bad horse simply to forgo this, and after an owner has several thousand dollars wrapped up in a yearling he bought for \$500, he is naturally reluctant to throw his investment away, even if prospects are a little gloomy. At least there is as much obligation on the breeder to refrain from producing cheap horses as there is on an owner or trainer to dispose of them.

The study of pedigrees, as it is normally understood, is arrant nonsense, because it involves trying to think up some way of getting four and four to make nine. The science of breeding horses would be much better described as the study of performance. It is always possible, of

course, to put a nickel in the machine and hit the jackpot; it is just that fact which produces so many nickels in the jackpot and, in breeding, so many cheap horses.

The following notes are intended to indicate the breeding background of the leading 3-year-olds of 1951. The sires are ignored, not because of any silly notion that they do not contribute their own half to the inheritance of the foals, but because no one needs to tell you about the merits of Count Fleet or Bull Lea or War Relic or the other stallions involved. The racing and production records of the dams are far less known.

Battlefield. The colt was one of the three best of the year, and you may determine his ranking, as against that of Hall of Fame and Counterpoint, as you please. His dam, Dark Display, by Display, raced unplaced, in seven starts at two, and won \$330 in fourth money. She had, through 1951, four named foals, of which only one other was a winner.

Count Turf, Count Turf's dam, Delmarie, by Pompey, once sold for

\$550 as a yearling. She must have been a determined little rascal, for she raced 37 times. She won three races. Of six foals, she has had five winners, none of the others winning stakes.

Bold. The Preakness winner is the second foal, but the first starter, from Little Rebel, by John P. Grier. The mare ran eight times and won once.

Counterpoint. Fortunately for the thesis here, the best 3-year-old of the year had the most performance in his pedigree. His dam was Jabot, by *Sickle, and she won four stakes, including the Selima. She was the first stakes winner *Sickle sired in the United States, and that she was not highly considered is indicated by the fact that one of her other stakes victories was in the Kentucky Claiming Stakes. But she has produced five foals to race, four of them winners.

Alerted. Hastily Yours, by John P. Grier, was not raced. This leaves us nowhere. It used to be the fashion to say that any unraced mare was "the fastest yearling Sam Hildreth ever trained," and then to go on and explain that she fell through a culvert before she could start. John Gaver has suggested a variant: "This mare was so fast that we were never willing to risk her on a race track." Hastily Yours had eight foals, seven of which have won. One of the others, F. B. Eye, placed in stakes. The second dam produced Cavalcade.

Kiss Me Kate. Irish Nora, by

*Pharamond II, raced once at two and was unplaced. She also raced at three and four, and finally won one race. Of her four foals, three have won, and one of these was a stakes winner in England.

How. *The Squaw 11, by *Sickle, raced and won in Germany. She has had three winners from four foals.

Hall of Fame. Big Event, by Blue Larkspur, won only two races, but she was second in the Selima Stakes. She had had two winners from three other foals, and here is one point at which a breeder would have had to take a chance on pedigree anyway, because the second dam is the almost fabulous *La Troienne.

Sickles Image. It is hard to neglect the sire in this instance, because it was Sickletoy, a winner of fifteen races but not of stakes class. He sired only one other foal, Sickles Star, which has raced without winning. The dam, Ariel Image, by Ariel, was a quite ordinary mare which won seven races. Sickles Image is her first foal.

Repetoire. My Hattie, by Mad Hatter, raced unplaced. She has had six foals, three of them winners, and one of the others, Nifty, placed in stakes.

The summary then is that of ten mares, seven were winners and one of them won stakes. Two of the others raced unplaced, and the other did not race at all. In production, of the eight which had had previous produce to race, all had had winners.

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SELECT PEDIGREE**PROVEN BY PERFORMANCE****DOUBLE BRANDY**

Brown, 1946

Questionnaire	Sting	Spur
	Miss Puzzle	Gnat
Tien Lan	Blue Larkspur	Disguise
		Ruby Nethersole
	Betsy Ross	Black Servant
		Blossom Time
		Man o'War
		*Escuina

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DOUBLE BRANDY, a staying son of Questionnaire, won stakes including: Pimlico Cup, America's longest flat race; Grayson Stakes, Bryan and O'Hara Memorial, Brandywine, Omnibus, Southern Maryland 'Caps and placed in numerous stakes events.

DOUBLE BRANDY ran against the best horses of his time, including Greek Ship, Better Self, *Noor, Ponder, Capot, Arise, Palestinian, Pilaster, Three Rings, One Hitter, Royal Governor, Loser Weeper, and other outstanding horses.

DOUBLE BRANDY comes from one of the most powerful sire lines in America. Questionnaire restored a branch of the Himyer sire line, with his successful sire career and the results which his sons (Requested, Hash, Free For All, Third Degree, etc.) have achieved as sires.

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DOUBLE BRANDY has no lack of quality on the distaff side of his pedigree. His dam, Tien Lan, was unplaced due to an injury, but is a half-sister to Banner Waves, stakes winner and to the stakes placing Wave On (sire). Her second dam *Escuina produced the stakes winners Bateau and Jean Bart (sire), and is granddam of Giant Killer, Knight's Quest, Escadru, Escador, and Great Union.

For full information call Baltimore, Lexington 4460 or J. F. Colwill, Pikesville 708-W

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Danny Maher

Irish-American Booter Traveled To Old World To Find Successful Riding Career

Arnold Shrimpton

Many an Irishman has journeyed hopefully to the New World, there to find fame and fortune, but very few have achieved it by traveling in the reverse direction.

Danny Maher, the great Irish-American booter of the first dozen years of the 20th Century, was one of the few exceptions. Born in Hartford Connecticut, of parents who were as Irish as the Blarney Stone itself, Danny went to England in 1900 for a visit. He never came back. When he hung up his tack for the final time, in 1913, he had ridden 1,779 winners; 1,421 in England and 358 in America.

He died, aged 35, on November 9, 1916, in London. His death was accelerated by excessive wasting, which developed into the scourge and dread of every jockey—tuberculosis. His funeral (held during the height of the First World War) was attended by every section of English racing that could possibly jam itself into the little Roman Catholic church in the centre of London, where the service was held. Royalty, members of the Jockey Club, owners, trainers, brother jockeys, grooms, stable boys, bookmakers, tic-tac men, crooks, spives, touts, tipsters, programme sellers, and just plain horse players turned out in the hundreds to say good-bye to the little American gentleman for whom any horse would run until its heart stopped.

To watch Danny Maher, taking a timid and tempermental 2-year-old down to the gate for its first start was to see a master at work. There he would sit, crouched over its neck, patting, stroking, gentling and even whispering Irish blarney into its ear to quiet its fear and wonderment. Then, as the apes went up, away the

pair of them would shoot, with one of Danny Maher's unassailable leads. If they were seriously challenged during the last stages of the race, you would see the little man deliberately lean over his mount's ear and talk to the youngster. Time and time again horses would find that little bit extra for him and come on to win under his coaxing and the gentle magic that was in his hands.

The same story applied even to notorious rogues. In the saddling paddock, Danny would march right up to the horse, throw his whip on the ground and start making that curious half hissing, half chucking sound that horsemen use the world over. Sure enough, the performer's eyes would cease to roll, and it would stand stock still with its ears pricked, while the diminutive pilot told it what the score was. Then Danny Maher would say, in his rich, Irish brogue "There you are, me ould bhoy, now let's see what you can do", and mounting with nonchalance, he would trot down to the gate, as if he were riding a lamb.

During the 13 years he rode in England, he won every classic race of the English turf including the Derby, three times; the Eclipse Stakes, five times; and The Middle Park Plate (the most valuable 2-year-old race in England) no less than six times. His sense of timing and his judgment of pace was nothing short of uncanny. To see him challenge in the last hundred yards, with arms working like twin pistons and his cap sailing into the air, was to bet all Wall Street to a rotten orange, that Danny was in.

One of the secrets of his success and popularity was that fame never

Continued On Page 9



America's Greatest Racing

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Three-Year-Old Fillies	One Mile and Three Furlongs

To Be Run During 1953 Spring Meeting

THE NATIONAL STALLION (First Division)	\$10,000 Added
Two-Year-Old Colts (now yearlings)	
THE NATIONAL STALLION (Second Division)	\$10,000 Added
Two-Year-Old Fillies (now yearlings)	

To Be Run During 1954 Autumn Meeting

(Joint Closing)	
THE FUTURITY	\$50,000 Added
THE MATRON	\$25,000 Added

For Mares Served in 1951 (Foals of 1952)—Two-Year-Olds in 1954.
All mares served in 1951 are eligible for this JOINT CLOSING of The Futurity and The Matron. The produce of each mare nominated will automatically become eligible to one of the two races—colts to The Futurity and fillies to The Matron. To continue eligibility in The Futurity the specified payments will have to be made and the same procedure will apply to The Matron. Fillies, however, may be made eligible to The Futurity not later than July 15, 1954, by payment of all eligibility fees for The Futurity (\$200) and provided the filly has been kept eligible for The Matron.

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The Saratoga Association

Race Course:
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New York

Nominations Close Tuesday, January 15, 1952

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The Hopeful	Two-Year-Olds	6½ furlongs.....	\$20,000 added
United States Hotel	Two-Year-Olds	6 furlongs.....	10,000 "
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Breed To The World's Best Bloodlines WHIRLING FOX

b. 1945



Whirling Fox beating Mrs. E. DuPont Weir's Royal Governor in the $\frac{1}{4}$ -mi. Queensburg Hotel 'Cap. In the beaten field were Mangohiek, The Pincher, and King Rhymier.

Stakes Winner of \$50,855

By Whirlaway (*Blenheim II—Dustwhirl)—
Marguerie (*Sir Gallahad III—Marguerite)

WHIRLAWAY

(Presently standing in France)

Won \$561,161

32 races . . . Saratoga Special, Breeders' Futurity, Hopeful, Walden Stakes, Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont, Dwyer, Travers, American Derby, Lawrence Realization, Dixie, Brooklyn, Trenton, Gov. Bowie, Louisiana, Washington Park, Jockey Club Gold Cup, Narragansett Special.

Sire of . . . Stakes winners Whirl Some, Duchess Peg, Scattered, Dart By, Going Away, Whirl Flower, Whirling Bat, Risk A Whirl, Away Away, Javotte (England stakes—Boscawen).

As of October 12, 1951, Whirlaway Was Co-Leading Sire of America for '51 of the Most Winners with Pilate.

MARGUERIE

Dam of WHIRLING FOX, Long Branch 'Cap, and also placed in four others; My Emma (Hannah Dustin 'Cap), Lone Eagle (Ascot Gold Vase, Hastings, Queen Elizabeth Stakes, in England at 3); Saratoga 'Cap, in the United States. Full sister to Gallant Fox, winner \$328,165 (Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Classic, Preakness, Dwyer, Realization, Flash, Wood Memorial; Jockey Club, Saratoga Gold Cups).

Full sister to Foxbrough (best 2-year-old of his year in England, winner Middle Park, Hopeful in England; Butler, Yonkers in U. S.; sire).

Full sister to Fighting Fox, winner \$122,000 (Grand Union Hotel Stakes, Wood Memorial, Jamaica, Wilmington, Carter, Fleetwing, Massachusetts, Paumanok and Excelsior from which he was disqualified).

Fee: \$300. All fees payable at time of service. Veterinary certificate of breeding health required. Refund November 1st if mare proves barren. Free service to stakes winners and dams of stakes winners this season.

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Comments

Virginia Horseman's Publication Draws Comments From Horseman In Washington

Clinton B. Alves

In the mail recently was a booklet containing what are apparently talks by Abe Hewitt and Col. John F. Wall, probably at a meeting of the Virginia Breeders.

Also a quite comprehensive sketch of early Virginia racing and breeding by Nick Saegmuller, the busy secretary of the Va. Horsemen's Assn.

And it was such good reading that this commentator went through it from cover to cover before laying it down.

Abe Hewitt, whom I have known for years as a keenly intelligent student of breeding and Thoroughbred history, is one breeder with whom I have always agreed on most subjects appertaining to Thoroughbred breeding and production. The only point—which I could never get him to see—that I cannot agree with, is his oft-repeated declaration that "stakes winning mares should make the best producers". But he is fair enough to acknowledge that the very greatest mares in history failed to produce their like.

Abe is as right as rain when he says that too much size is undesirable, and points to Hurry On as being the only 17-hand horse of real top class as a sire. Good horses come in all shapes and sizes—as the old wheeze has it—but oversize usually means coarse bone, and coarseness of bone spells "commonness". Coarse bone is usually accompanied by laxity of muscle and weakness of tendon, both tending toward lack of stamina. In fact, of all the "name" horses that I can remember seeing race, there was only one of great size that was a stayer, and that was a son of Broomstick and Eugenia Burch (by the oversize Ben Strome).

This was Cudgel, probably one of the most capable handicap horses we ever had. Other big horses were

Reliable, Roseben (also by Ben Strome) and Tambour, the latter a tremendous mare of over 17 hands and built in proportion—by General Thatcher, a big horse by the much smaller Sweep. Cudgel's sire, Broomstick, was a small horse also, as was his dad, Ben Brush.

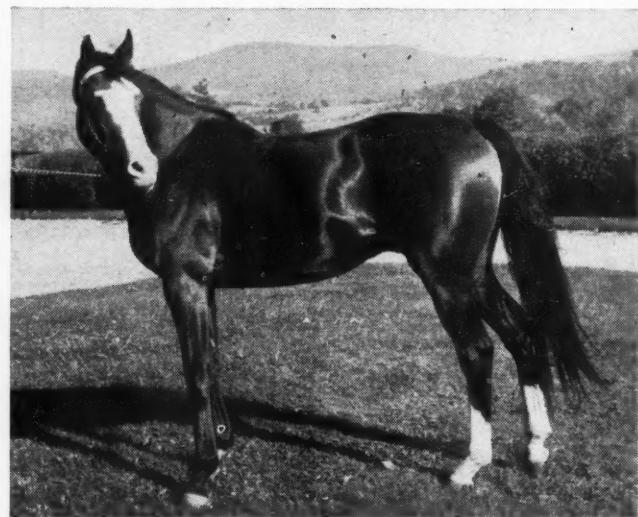
Also, he is eminently correct regarding Boojum and his bad running gear. I remember well seeing this Whitney-bred win his first start down the Widener Course at Belmont Park. He won this one by 10 lengths, and at Saratoga easily beat his stablemate, Whichone, for the Hopeful. Boojum would have taken the Futurity that year just as easily but for practically breaking down 50 yards from the finish, to which point he had tow-rope his field. Whichone saved the Whitney bacon on that occasion, and went on to become the better 3-year-old, as Boojum was too unsound to train with any satisfaction. The last time I saw the old horse he was standing on the highest point in his paddock, trumpeting for mares, of whom he wanted all that could be brought on—but with whom he showed but little result. Those sons he managed to sire were usually good racehorses, but had that predilection of stud uncertainty.

Another point on which Abe is right is that the sire must have the class and stamina to go on over a route. The foals can inherit their speed from quick dams—even though the latter cannot get further than 5 or 6 furlongs—but they must get their stamina from the sire. Neither a plodder mare nor a sprinter sire makes for sound breeding, and to try to mate a slow mare with a sprinter sire is almost sure to spell nothing at all.

Mr. Hewitt's soundest theory is Continued On Page 7

YOUNG PETER

(from Hampton through Dark Donald)



YOUNG PETER

by PEANUTS—MARY JANE, by PENNANT
Winner of The Travers Stakes

Fee: \$200.00

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Comments

Continued From Page 6

that concerning the pernicious practice of in-breeding. The soundest of lines can be wrecked in a few generations by adherence to that specious doctrine of "returning the best blood in the sire through the dam". The Virginia breeder who makes it an inviolable rule to be certain that there are at least four free generations from ANY horse in his foal-to-be is going to do a lot better in the long run than the one who tries to "intensify" the good qualities of some great progenitor by returning his blood too soon.

Marcel Boussac, to whom Mr. Hewitt refers as one of the two biggest breeders in Europe, has had undeniably wonderful success in the last decade as regards both his racing and production operations. But our breeders should never lose sight of the fact that it was a combination of different lines of blood—in other words, total outcrosses—which gave the French textile tycoon his greatest successes on the turf. The best stock of the Blanc, Rothschild, Macomber and Duryea studs were bought in at dispersal sales by Boussac. And as these individuals were of Herod and Matchem lines, as well as representatives of St. Simon and Ormonde and Phalaris, they produced both runners and breeders.

And it is doubtful that generations to come of Boussac-bred stock will ever attain to the heights of those of the past few crops from the three Boussac studs.

Those now doing stud duty were outcrossed. But now that Boussac and deBrignac seem to believe that they have attained the ultra in quality, and have begun to breed the same blood back—whether they term it line-breeding or in-breeding—they are almost certainly headed for a repetition of the same failure the English encountered in the cases of Stockwell, Bend Or, St. Simon and the other superlative sires of the past which were considered the ultimate in perfection and "only the Pharaohs were fit to be bred to the Pharaohs".

The French-bred line of Flying Fox, when crossed on the English blood of Hampton, through Hyperion, produced Citation. When has either England or France produced as good a horse in competition, or as alluring a stud prospect during that same length of time?

But what this writer fears is that Calumet, believing that *Sir Gallahad III was the greatest of American broodmare sires, will be tempted to mate his third and fourth generation daughters with this grandson of *Bull Dog—*Sir Gallahad III's full brother. Inbreeding, just as surely as though it were the one sire instead of brothers—Teddy was great, but not that great!

Colonel Wall, despite his usual quota of mistakes regarding the generations in pedigrees, made an exceedingly sound statement when he remarked "We see a particular stable whose success is phenomenal. It seems miraculous and unending. Then, very suddenly that stable is unable to win another stakes race. What is the reason... Because the breeder becomes over-confident, AND FORGETS THE LESSONS OF THE PAST!... He became so elated with his success that he believed his stallions and mares could continue indefinitely without an infusion of fresh or outside blood now and then to strengthen his breeding stock. He retained too much close-up blood.... And this can be a weakness even if no inbreeding is practiced. He probably stumbled accidentally into a large part of his success in the first place.... So this leveling off may be a way of relieving us of too much conceit."

The above quotation from Colonel Wall's talk is "good stuff" and could

be well heeded by many a neophyte with more money than practical knowledge.

It isn't wise to get too swelled up too suddenly around the racing game. You might pick the whole card today—and not have another winner in a week.

The Colonel goes on to say that the cases of Ultimus and High Time seem to have shown that in-breeding is not conducive to fertility, as the male lines of the two are now practically extinct. But Col. Wall fumbles a little when he mentions Neddie and Stimulus as sons of Commando. Neddie was by Colin, and Stimulus by Ultimus. As a matter of fact, Celt, Superman and Transvaal were the best sons of Commando—next to Peter Pan and Colin.

Col. Wall's reference to the late E. R. Bradley and the latter's ability to turn around when he was convinced he was on the wrong road reminds us of some of the many arguments we had with Mr. Bradley years ago. We were always possessed of a detestation for inbreeding, but Mr. Bradley was like so many other breeders—he had ideas that some particular branch or line was superior to all others. First it was Bend Or, when Cunard, a son of Goldfinch was his top sire. Then he liked Domino blood above all, later on. Later he wanted all the Sundridge blood possible, to cross and recross with the Domino. Herod and Mat-

chem blood he didn't want at any price. And it did little good to argue that it was the three that formed the foundation of the continually improving Thoroughbred, and that devotion to any one alone was bound to spell retrogression.

But Mr. Bradley was obdurate in his belief that Eclipse blood was so much greater than both Matchem and Herod that there could be no question. We asked him once whether he ever really hoped to breed and race the first three horses in a Kentucky Derby. "Certainly I do", he replied, "you will see that happen when Bubbling Over gets established solidly in the stud". This was Mr. Bradley's real favorite of all (until Bimblech came along), and the failure of Bubbling Over was his owner's greatest breeding disappointment. This horse, like his sire, *North Star III, and his grandsire, Sunstar, went crazy before he died. And as near as he came to siring one-two-three in the Derby was Burgoo King, an ordinary colt which won a very ordinary renewal of the big race.

That Mr. Bradley finally realized he was wrong was evidenced by his practice in his last years of sending his best mares every other year to outside stallions—*Pharamond II, *Challenger II and War Admiral, for example. The last named was, of course, Matchem in top-line, but Mr. Continued On Page 18

*BEAU GEM		Hyperion		Gainsborough	
		Helios		Selene	
ch. 1944		Foxy Gal		*Sir Gallahad III	
		French Gem		Son-in-Law	Vivid
				Fission	Valais, or Chrysolaus Hyppolyte

CREDENTIALS of a STALLION

SIRE LINE—Helios, Hyperion, Gainsborough

*Beau Gem's sire, Helios, is an extremely successful son of the great foundation sire, Hyperion. Helios, who led the Australian sire list in 1949, is also sire of Carbon Copy (greatest stakes winning three-year-old in Australian history), Cellarman (brilliant sprint champion), other stake and classic winners. Helios' dam, Foxy Gal, is by *Sir Gallahad III, a perennial leading American sire.

DISTAFF SIDE—French Gem, Winner V. R. C. Oaks

French Gem has produced 6 stakes winners, including the Victoria Derby winner and record breaker, *Beau Gem, and his half-brother, *Royal Gem, now a sire in the U. S. French Gem is a daughter of the leading sire, Beau Fils, by Son-in-Law, sire of *Beau Pere. Son-in-Law is also sire of the dam of Fair Trial, brilliant sprinter who has been ranked at the top of the English list of sires and broodmare sires (1950-1951).

***BEAU GEM**, himself, was a stakes winner at 2, carrying 132 lbs. He won the one-mile Underwood Stakes under 143 lbs. in 1:34½, and in the Victoria Derby clipped ¾ seconds from Phar Lap's 1½-mile record. He also won a 1,000 Guineas and a St. Leger in Australia.

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Breeding Notes

First Fiddle Handles the Honors As Leading Sire of 2-Year-Olds

Karl Koontz

The sires of 2-year-old winners list is always an interesting gauge of the stallions standing in this country. This past season's juvenile racing was dominated by stallions that had their second crop racing. The first six stallions on both the sires of 2-year-old winners in number of races won and in number of winners lists were stallions that had either their first or second crop racing this past year. Heading the list in number of winners (15) and number of races won (32 1-2) is the grey First Fiddle, by *Royal Minstrel—Rueful, by *St. Germans. Going down the first six sires there is the "second cropper" Occupy (*Bull Dog—Miss Bunting, by Bunting) tied for 2nd place with the "oldster" Shut Out, both having 14 winners, while the older Apache is level with "second cropper" Grand Admiral (War Admiral—Grand Flame, by Grand Time) and *Khaled, (Hyperion—Eclair, by Ethnarch), which has his first crop to the races this year.

In the number of races won section, Grand Admiral (26) is separated from the leader by Alsab (28), but is tied with Occupy, while Errard is just 1-2 a race below them. This is a familiar list for Errard which in 1950 headed the sires of 2-year-old winners by a first crop sire. Still when yearlings by this horse were offered at the sales they didn't get into the "astronomical" brackets. The chestnut colt out of Car-Rou, by *Carlaris, later to be called Ed's Pride, was sold at Saratoga for \$1,500, then in the Keeneland Fall Sales he was turned over again, this time for \$1,200. There wasn't any indecision on the part of the colt, he went out and earned \$24,557 in first moneys and captured the Inaugural 'Cap and the World's Playground Stakes. Errard had another in Errard's Guide, which sold for \$3,000 and turned around and won \$13,105 in firsts and the Joliet Stakes.

The top price for a Grand Admiral in the 1950 sales ring was \$2,900 while Brookmeade took \$600 for a bay filly out of Glittery, for the low. This filly, called Silver Lamee, returned first moneys totaling \$5,940 for the investment. \$750 for the Pomary filly, Sailors Delight, paid off to the tune of \$3,775, while Valley's Luck went through the ring for \$1,500 and returned \$3,025 in reaching the wire first.

Looking back over the records it is very enlightening to see the top prices which the get of these top 2-year-old sires commanded at the sales in '50. The progeny of First Fiddle took the top dollar among the first and second crop stallions. His strawberry roan colt out of Reckless, by Stimulus brought \$12,500. This was quite a drop from his previous year sales high of \$21,000, but then that crop of 2-year-olds didn't run the best either. Occupy took 2nd place when his brown colt out of Lady

Glory, by American Flag, brought \$9,100, an improvement over the previous year. Errard occupied the 3rd position with his chestnut colt out of Desert Mirage, by *Cohort, which brought out the top dollar of \$6,800. *Khaled was close behind, being represented by a brown colt out of Hexie, by *Chicle, which fetched \$5,000. Grand Admiral's brown colt out of Deep Rock by Black Servant, brought \$2,900 for his top price. At the time the dams of these colts were bred, all these stallions

Mulrenan.

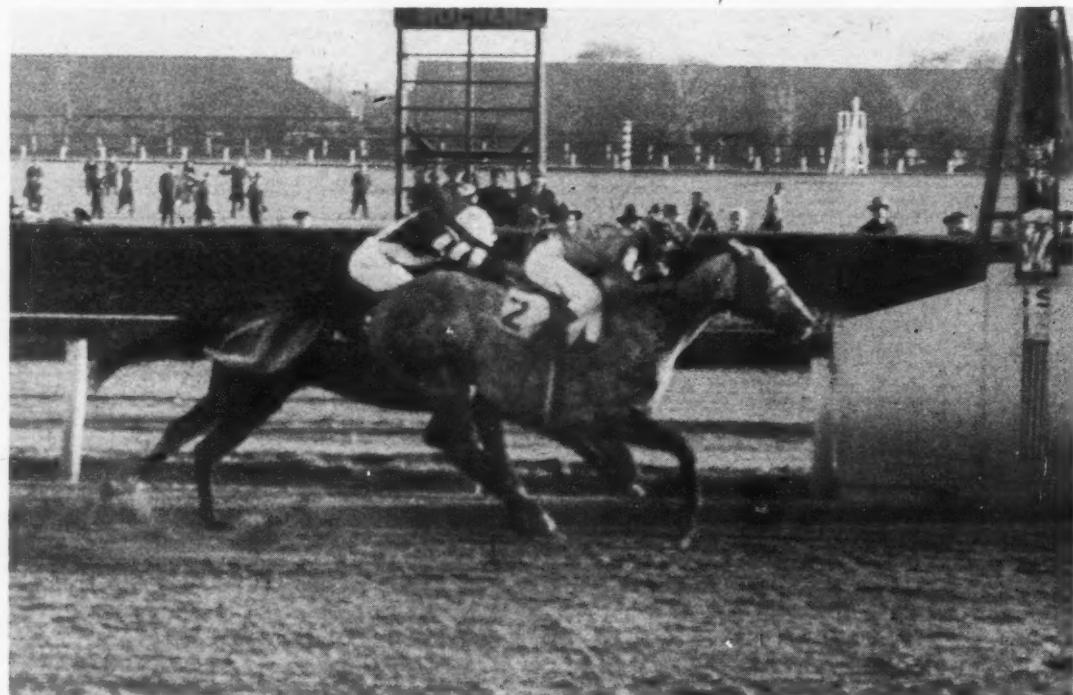
In his first start he thoroughly distinguished himself as a good horse not to have around, by running last in \$5,000 claiming company at Belmont Park. In his second effort he did nothing to discourage this idea. Finally in his third effort, he won his first set of brackets in a claiming edition with a price tag of something like \$2,700. About 14 days later he was in for \$2,500 and attracted the attention of Eddie Mulrenan and that afternoon he became a member of the Mulrenan string.

First Fiddle showed a decided change in his first race for his new owners. From the charts comes: "First Fiddle was sent into command at the start, showed speed and bore out entering the stretch," finishing 4th. This was a decided improvement as he was running in allowance company at Saratoga. Next he tried the Albany Handicap and took down 6th place in good com-

old. Racing for John Marsch, the "Futurity King", he took 5 races and placed in 4 for a commercial value of \$112,949. He won the Washington Park Futurity, and the Futurity Stakes and placed in the Primer Stakes, Arlington Futurity, Prairie Stake Stakes and Breeders Futurity.

Errard, also owned by John Marsch, made his bid for fame in his first race by defeating 11 others at 5 furlongs in 1.01 2-5. Then a week later, at Hawthorne, he led from start to finish to win by 5 lengths in 1.00 2-5. In all at 2, he made 10 starts, won 4, was 2nd twice, and collected \$26,850, including the Prairie State Stakes, and placings in numerous other stakes events.

Grand Admiral went to the front in the East View Stakes and stayed there, staving off determined bids by I Will and Phalanx, which ended up



LEADING SIRE OF 2-YEAR-OLDS, FIRST FIDDLE.

(Morgan Photo)

were standing from \$1,000 on down to \$300. It seems odd that more of the stallions with stud fees in excess of the ones mentioned were not represented in the first five. But then with the prices paid at ring side or some of the stud fees, who would dare to run them early and often.

It's an interesting twist of fate to note that the leader in the Sires of 2-year-old winners, the "supreme commander", was himself anything but an outstanding 2-year-old. He made 18 starts winning 3, placing in 5 and showed on 3 occasions for a total of \$5,308. About the most important thing that happened to him (and perhaps a sad blow of fate to C. V. Whitney) during his 2-year-old career, was the fact that he was claimed for \$2,500 by Eddie Mulrenan and raced in the silks of Mrs.

pany. From these races he went through a series of overnight events, being beaten in six straight. Then when it looked like the book had better be thrown away, a new page was added, he won a 6-furlong affair. Just when things seemed to perk up, three more races went by the board without any return. First Fiddle rounded out the year at Tropical Park and on December 20 won an allowance race by 10 lengths. In his last race of the year, an overnight handicap, he lost the winner's share to Incoming.

Such was the 2-year-old career of the 1951 leading sire of 2-year-old winners. It was not until 4, that he started to become the horse that comes to mind when the name First Fiddle is mentioned.

OCCUPY was a darn good 2-year-

old and show horses. Then in the Saratoga Special, the chestnut son of War Admiral took the track at the break and won again by a length over a muddy track in 1.13 2-5. Grand Admiral made an income of \$51,720 out of 6 starts, winning 3, and being unplaced in only one race.

*Khaled was unbeaten at 2 in England. He won the Ashley Stakes at Epsom and then the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, making the last start of his 2-year-old season in England's premier stakes race, the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket. This son of Hyperion is off to a good start with his first crop turning out well.

So in looking back it is not surprising to find that the majority of the leading sires that have had one or two crops to race, were top-notch 2-year-olds themselves.



GRAND ADMIRAL.

(Morgan Photo)



OCCUPY.

Friday, January 4, 1952

Danny Maher

Continued From Page 5

went to his head. He was the same softly spoken, whimsical little man on the day that he rode his third Derby winner, as he was back in September 1900 when he made his winning debut at Manchester, aboard a claimer named Pauite. When he finally retired, his riding contracts must have been worth forty-thousand dollars a year, which, in those days (especially in England) was a large fortune, but neither wealth nor fame went to Danny's head. The peak of his success came in those dangerous years which have so often ruined other reinsmen, his early twenties. Princes, peers, millionaires, and beautiful women, all called him "Danny". His picture was on almost every sports page, but their favor meant nothing to him compared to the love of his work and horses. True, he became a man of property, buying a great estate called Cropwell Manor, a yacht, and an enormous automobile, but all these outward and visible manifestations of success he would shrug off after the first glow of ownership had left him.

His greatest possession was a massive gold hunter watch with a huge belcher chain which he never tired of showing off. Inside it was inscribed the legend: "A mark of my great esteem—Rosebery". The story behind the watch referred to the one and only occasion that Danny was ever set down. He had ridden a horse called Sallust at Leicester, and had started a hot 1-3 favorite, only to finish a pathetic last. He was, of course, immediately called in front of the local stewards for an explanation. All he could say was that the horse had rolled about like a drunken sailor and he thought that

it was ill, but after the track veterinarian had found nothing wrong with it, the stewards had no other recourse than to refer the case to The Jockey Club. Then it was that Lord Rosebery, the senior steward of The Jockey Club, presented Danny with the timepiece and invited him to be his house-guest until his case was heard. Thus did the great man show the racing world of England the unbounded confidence he had in the little American.

The explanation of Sallust's running came to life two days later, via a very frightened and tearful stable boy. In those days gas flares were a standard feature in all horse stalls, and, apparently, Sallust had nibbled at the gas jet during the night. When his small groom found him in the morning, he was lying almost asphyxiated in the straw, and the boy scared out of his wits that he would be blamed, decided to say nothing about the matter when he saw that the fresh air quickly revived the horse. What the trainer said to the lad when the story came out is not on record, nor does history record what Danny said either. Of course, complete exoneration followed immediately without Maher ever appearing in front of the senior tribunal of racing.

Danny's three derby winners were, Rock Sand (1903), Cicero (1905), and the mighty Spearmint (1906.) He was just twenty-one when he won on Rock Sand, but his greatest victory was a broad Cicero. They still call that Derby the international year, for the first four places were filled by England, France, Italy and Ireland. A hundred yards from home it was odds-on on the French invader, Jardy, but Danny, riding one of his furious, whirl-wind finishes, got Lord Rosebery's Cicero up in the last strides to win, going away by three parts of a length, at

odds of 1-3.

However, he always said the race that thrilled him most was his dead heat aboard Neil Gow, in the Eclipse Stakes of 1910. It was almost a needle match, for Neil Gow and Lemberg were the undisputed champions of their year. Each had beaten the other once, and the racing fans of England flocked to Sandown Park that day to witness the decider. In the ring, the bookmakers bet 3 to 2 each, the two of them, but as they cantered down to the gate, Lemberg became the clear favorite at 5 to 4, after his owner had backed him to win a cool \$60,000. With the remainder of the field it was a question of "write your own ticket". The race was uneventful until they struck Sandown's uphill finish, 2 furlongs from home. Lemberg shot into a 2-length lead with Neil Gow tracking him, then, inside the eighth pole, Danny played his old game of crouching over Neil Gow's neck and apparently whispering to him. Instantly the bay's stride lengthened and yard by yard he started to overhaul Lemberg. As he drew level, it was seen that they were both out of stride, so that first one, then the other would have a head advantage. Half-a-dozen jumps from the winning post, Danny asked his mount for yet another effort, and in a response that was almost human, Neil Gow forced his way ahead of Lemberg, even against the dictates of heart and sinew. Even then it was not over, for Lemberg made one more supreme effort and both horses flashed past the judges' stand in a perfect dead heat.

So it went on, success after success, victory after victory, until his name was at the absolute pinnacle of his profession. But by 1913 the writing was on the wall. Rigid diet, continual wasting, and the eternal fight that so many jockeys wage

against their bodies, had taken its inevitable toll. The doctors' verdicts were all positive and unanimous—"retire, go to a warm climate and stay away from horses and race tracks". For many months Danny refused to listen, but as he got worse and worse, his strength and rash left him, and finally, under pressure from friends and doctors alike, he was persuaded to give up. He went to South Africa, Switzerland, the Riviera, anywhere and everywhere, where he could halt the ravages of T. B., but it was to no avail. Two years later saw him back in England with his days literally numbered. His physician (unbeknown to Danny) called a meeting of all the little man's friends, and told them in effect: "I can do no more for him, he is a dying man. If you want to make his last months happier, let him ride one more winner, for that is all he ever talks about."

It was all done very quietly and without fuss and fanfare. At the Newmarket September meeting of 1915, the Jockeys' names were hoisted into the frame for the last race of the day—an ordinary sixth event

Continued On Page 18

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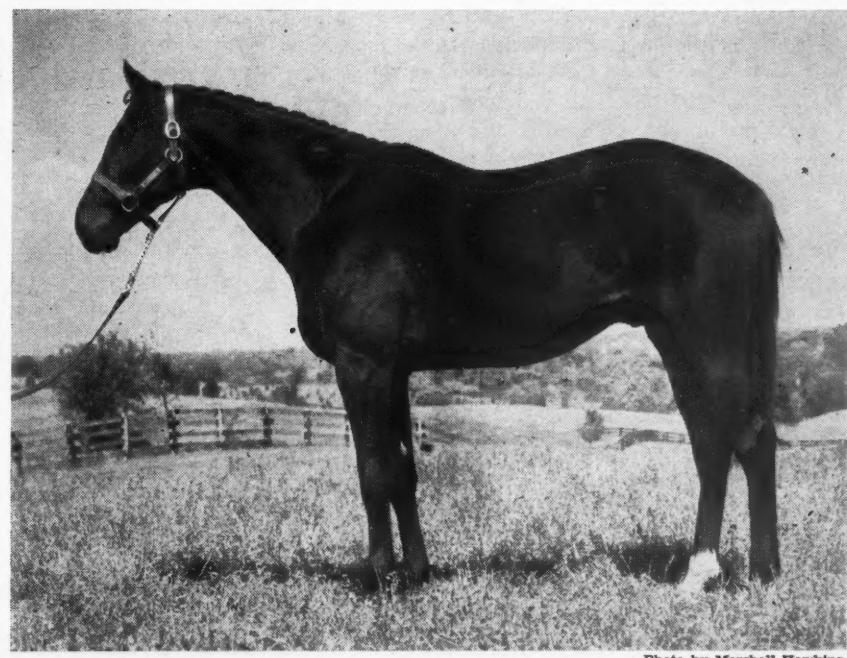


Photo by Marshall Hawkins.

KNOCKDOWN
is an exceptional
fine individual
and is bred in
the purple.

KNOCKDOWN
was an early
two-year-old
stakes winner.

KNOCKDOWN
earned a total of
\$165,545
while racing.

KNOCKDOWN
won the
Cowdin Stakes
Santa Anita Derby
Excelsior Handicap
Queens County
Handicap.

KNOCKDOWN Will Stand 1952 Season at

1952 FEE: \$300
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ARDAN'Sire

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HUNTING

THE CHRONICLE



MILLBROOK HUNT
Millbrook,
Duchess County,
New York.
Established 1907.
Recognized 1909.



The Millbrook Hounds have been showing some really fine sport during a spell of warm weather in early December. Since the deer season, when a large number of animals were taken in Dutchess County, we have been free from that trouble. Hounds have been able to prove their great ability with their huntsman Earl Chadwell, whose father Elias Chadwell is now honorary huntsman and whip, Hugh Collins and Raymond Burr to help.

On Sat., Dec. 8, a good Field met at the Millbrook School. In the first draw, a fox was found who gave us a fast 40 minutes north near Young's pastures, checking for a time in the plough, they ran north-east near Congers Cover to Stillman's where, making a turn, they raced back by Burke's to mark their fox near where he had been gotten up. Later a fox was found on the east side of Wynat's cover, which gave us a fast run southeast over the hill and was put to ground in a pile of rocks north of Beakers.

On Dec. 10 after meeting at the kennels, hounds found a fox in the swamp which gave them a short burst and was marked near Haight's farm. Then drawing north a fox was viewed away near Ferris Corners and gave us an extremely fast run over West Clay Hill to Harts wood, then back over Clay and open fields above Half Moon, down by Leavitt's swamp to Husted where he went in just in time to save his brush. Then drawing over the Shunpike, another fox was viewed away over Johnson's schooling ground headed for the hogback, running parallel to the state road. He then crossed the road below the school and drew the swamp there. From there, a fox went away north over Kinney's pastures across the road and west of Van Alen's into Kinney's Cover and then up over Pupley Hill to the lane near the barns where they checked a while but being cast by the huntsman over the lane, they picked it up again and ran across the open pastures north to the pine

plantations near Wynat's. As there was considerable frost, the scenting was not as good as the other days so that hounds and huntsman did some really brilliant work to mark their fox. As there were so few out and a cold north wind came up, we called it a day after an hour and a quarter of the best. C. M. B.

FARMINGTON HUNT CLUB

Charlottesville (Box 1),
Virginia.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1932.



Veralum, the home of the Courtland Van Clefs, was the meeting place of the Farmington Hunt on December 11. The Field met at 10:30 and prior to starting on our way, a broadcast was conducted by Allied Mills. In this program, "Let's Go Visiting", the MC gave a description of the riders and the setting and then interviewed Mrs. J. P. Jones, our Joint-Master, and Huntsman Grover Vandevender.

This section of the country is not often hunted by Farmington. It is on the south side of Route 250 at Ivy, Va., right in the foothills of the Ragged Mountains. It is truly a shame that this territory has not as yet been properly panelled to enable riders to stay with hounds for it abounds with foxes and is a veritable hunter's paradise.

Hounds were cast in a field east of the house and drew a covert thick with honeysuckle that was once an orchard. They started to trail almost immediately and before long the fox was up and headed for the mountains. At the foot of the slope, the fox turned left-handed and circled back through the covert where he had been found. The riders, who had waited in the field, viewed the fat, grey fox as he waddled out from the thicket. Hounds were close upon him and he doubled in full view of the Field. Ducking under the very noses of hounds, he again sped toward the mountain. However, our fat friend was in no condition to do any climbing; in fact, he decided he had had quite enough exercise for one day, so he turned back, crossed the road and led the pack to where a red fox lay sunning himself.

The pack immediately changed foxes and followed the red along the creek on the east end of the old Wise farm. The fox turned left, ran through the open fields in back of the barnyard, turned again by the tenant house and crossed the road back into Van Clef's. He then ran parallel to the road across the open fields in front of the house, then on through the Schey farm to the C. B. Baker's. There he circled to the back of the house where he was viewed by the farm help. Hounds were temporarily foiled by the house dogs which ran out as they passed the house, and somewhere between the back of Schey's and Van Clef's the pack again changed foxes.

When hounds returned to Veralum, a dark grey fox, which looked

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When hounds returned to Veralum, a dark grey fox, which looked

almost black, was viewed in front of them. This fox ran between the Van Clef's barn and the road, doubled and turned back toward the mountain. The pack circled a high wooded knoll and returned in back of the house, running hard. Again the fox was viewed, but not the black fox which we expected to see! Creeping along through the brush which borders the creek in back of Veralum was a little, lithe grey. This fox crossed the creek and headed for the mountain. The music of hounds was beautiful to hear as they flew across the summit in hot pursuit of their quarry. Soon the tempo changed and Ring's voice raised loud and clear, told us our fox had gone to ground.

Then ensued a long, hard pull up the mountain to get to hounds. Some of the hunters made the ascent on horseback, while others forsook their mounts for Shank's Mare. In time they all reached the hole under a rock pile about which the pack was ringed. After our huntsman had praised and encouraged his hounds, he persuaded them to leave the hole. With the tired pack at his heels, and the weary hunters following on behind, our huntsman drew a close to a most successful day.—Barbara N. Carter.

MONTPELIER HUNT

Montpelier Station,
Virginia.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1928-1947.



Montpelier's opening day on December 1 was clear and still with a good frost on the ground and a warm sun overhead. In spite of being a bit warm, it was almost a perfect hunting morning. Hounds met at 9:30 at Dr. Andrew's where many car hunters and spectators waited to see the hunt off.

Everyone was delighted to see Willow Run out again. Mrs. Mary Drury was aboard her grand Welsh mare which can show her heels over a fence to the best of them. The well known brush horse, War Battle, was also present for his first taste of hunting.

Hounds drew the Andrew's woods before the house and worked on from there to the big field of the Shackleford's and circled back to another section of Andrew's woods. Here they got up a red fox which ran across the fields before the house to the first woods drawn. He turned north (hounds close behind), circled and on the second lap, straightened out across Willow Grove (Shackelford's) towards Route 13. He went to ground in an earth by the branch in Shackelford's front field.

Hounds were then taken up and across Little Skyline road and drew the woods on the cliffs above the Rapidan. They got up another red which ran north along the river, through Walnut Hills farm and turned east up the ridge through Rich's. He took to the Little Skyline road, going south. Two curs turned him and he cut across Spicer's and back into the cliff woods. He again ran north into Walnut Hills and was overtaken and accounted for almost at the front steps of Walnut Hills. As it was only 2 1-2 hours since the start, hounds went on to Montford Neighborhood and got up a gray near the Rapidan which they ran for almost an hour. It was a grand opening day with a minimum of spills and good sport.

There was a heavy fog on December 6 but the sun burnt this off very soon. Hounds drew the woods above Link Brooking's, moving toward Huffman's. They got up two red foxes below the ridge near the sheep fold on Montpelier. They took the line of the fox which went straight across Montpelier, paralleling the ridge back of the farm barns. The fox slipped by the end of the yearling field, crossed the road, went by the foot of Chicken Mountain and continued a straight line diagonally across Rockland's (the Neale's farm). Then he went over the ridge back of Neale's which is a continuation of Mary's Mountain and on to Gordonsville, 3 miles away, where hounds lost him.

On December 8 the members of Keswick Hunt were invited to join us and many came. The hunt started from Clifton Farm house of Joint-Master Harry Peters. Hounds drew

Bridlespur Hunt Has One of the Best Runs In Its History

The week end of November 17th, the Bridlespur hunt journeyed to Mexico, Missouri for our annual week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Staley. We were joined there by twelve members of the Mission Valley Hunt in Kansas City, Capt. Robert Borg and the boys on the United States Equestrian three day team and four girls from Stephens College. This was our fourth trip to Mexico and proved to be even better than any of the preceding ones with two marvelous days of hunting which was surprising as the weather, for the first time, was very definitely against us, particularly on Saturday with the thermometer hovering around 10 degrees and a gale blowing.

With Mr. Staley and Dr. Louis Aitken acting as Joint-Masters, hounds moved off from the Huntingfield Farms stable at 2:00 p.m., Saturday, November 17. Henry Roehde, huntsman, hacked his 12 couple of American hounds about 3 1-2 miles southeast to the old Sims place in the southeast part of the country. They were cast into the wooded hillside between the soy bean field in the broad creek bottom and the big, open pasture land on the high round. There was a cold, gusty breeze coming out of the northwest, the ground had a thin frozen crust and there were occasional traces of snow on the ground and in the air. These conditions apparently were unfavorable to good scent as hounds seemed to experience great difficulty in finding and settling down on the line of their pilot for the day. From that hillside they crossed over northeastward to the Indian woods, crossed the road north into the Billy Smith place, then westward down through the wooded creek bottom of the South Fork of Salt River. At its puncture with Beaver Dam Creek, with the Field waiting on high ground, a momentary flurry of excitement occurred as there was quite a burst of music from the deep cover. However, nothing came of it.

As the weather moderated a little, the ground thawed and softened as we crossed over and moved southward up the big Beaver Dam Creek. We went around the soy beans on the Newkirk place where horses went uncomfortably deep. Hounds drew through the woods on the Lockridge place and crossed the road south into the northwest corner of the old Sims place. Almost an hour had elapsed and there was still nothing to give us hope that this would be a day of good hunting. It is heavily wooded here and the big creek makes it difficult to keep hounds under close control. The huntsman moved on south into Allison's, crossed the creek, and was about to move south into Thompson's when some of the Field called his attention to an occasional burst we were catching from McDonald's woods pasture a half-mile back on the west side of the creek. These were some stragglers, including one who has been known to baffle, and the huntsman was inclined to disregard them. However, since nothing

Continued On Page 18

the cliffs back of Clifton and turned across the right of way toward Link Brooking's. Here they picked up a cold trail on Chicken Mountain and worked it south toward Newman's, past Hilton Farm to Neale's, and through there toward Frascati. In the meadow swamp between Hilton and Frascati they jumped two gray foxes. Hounds killed one at once and the other took off across Hilton toward "The Pines" on Neale's. He ran in the pines for about 45 minutes, then went up over the right of way in a figure eight, back into the pines and into an earth. All were delighted to put tired horses away and review the morning's chase at the breakfast given by Mr. Peters at Clifton.

One of our most respected member's car was caught up in the general enthusiasm and attempted to emulate his owner's horse by going across country. The car proved less keen for it than his horse and was discovered on the slope of Chicken Mountain where it had gotten itself cast against a tree.—J. L. R.

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ARAPAHOE HUNT
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Littleton,
Colorado.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



The opening hunt was held October 14, and 22 members greeted each other happily after the summer interim, bemoaned the lovely fall day which was too warm and dry for hunting, the coyotes which are scarce due to a poisoning campaign in the county, and the nuisance deer which overrun the wooded, southern part of our country. In spite of such a gloomy forecast, hounds found plenty of coyotes that morning and though too hot for a good run, we had three short ones.

The next three hunts were hindered by weather of one kind or another. On the 18th hounds though trying hard, had difficulty holding a line where a coyote had been viewed moments before. On the 21st we rode out in a very damp snow-storm with the big wet flakes blinding us, and the hills around hidden in mist. The scouting whips kept up by ear, and the huntsman, who could neither see nor hear them, just hoped he hadn't lost 'em. It was not too cold to be fun, but after an hour and a half without a sign of even a coyote track, we came in soaked to the skin. The following Thursday was cool and cloudy and scent should have been perfect but it wasn't. When we did have a tally-ho late in the afternoon, the Master's horse was so excited he pitched the Master off and by the time Stub and his rider were reunited the line was gone.

Our first run on the 28th was short; we found a coyote in the Pollack and hounds took him north and then turned him east into the wooded Tower where they lost. We had a good long hack around Headquarters but found a second coyote in Section 12 and this time hounds had no trouble and we had a very fast run up through the Trap, along that narrow creek bed for a mile or so, then east across the fields and finally up the sloping back of the Anticline where hounds were called in at the top.

The first November hunt was cancelled by a storm, but on the 4th the biggest Field of the year, 34, turned out. A coyote found on the Anticline made a right-handed circle into the Hole and after leading us up and down hill through thick scrub oak, went out heading for the Tower. He kept straight north through less densely wooded country, skirting the west end of the Anticline, and proved himself a real

sport by going on out into the open and giving us a wonderful 3 miles over rolling country as far as Headquarters, where he ducked under two woven wire fences in quick succession and put hounds at a loss. Not long after we found him again near Wildcat road and ran him back the 3 miles and as far as the South Ranch fence.

The next Thursday footing was heavy, but scent was good, and after going through deer in the Tower, hounds found in the Pollack and flew over the hills going north, came out on open prairies and took off down one of those wide, gentle draws in full cry. It was a breathtaking sight and wonderful to hear the cry of which we are most appreciative since, perhaps because of altitude and dryness, we have a quiet pack. Making a gradual circle we returned to the Tower woods where scent faded and though we hunted a while longer through the scrub and over the little hills and valleys, hounds never opened up again as they had earlier in the day.

The 12th dawned a glorious day and brought out whips galore. Stu Morelli's broken arm had healed, Marvin Beeman was home over the weekend from college, and Jack Beeman was back on leave after 8 years in the Navy; the three girls who have been pinch hitting were ignominiously retired to the Field. Stu tallyhoed off the end of the Anticline, hounds had no difficulty with the line and ran well into the Purebred pasture, a distance of about 1 1/2 miles. Scent was apparently good running up or down wind, but poor going crossways, and hounds had trouble when the coyote made his turn, but worked him around and were soon going well back from where they had come, over the Anticline and into South Ranch woods where they were called off when the coyote ran through deer.

The temperature was about 20 on the 15th, with heavy clouds hanging over the mountains and the promise of a storm. Hounds tried to work a line just south of Headquarters road in Section 15 but couldn't hold it. Working on over to Bowen's 40, it got very cold and the Master was just calling the hunt in when Stu tallyhoed over the next hill; a minute later hounds were flying up the broad yellow fields towards Headquarters over the most wonderful galloping country we have. Passing just west of Headquarters, we crossed the road back into Section 15, and then had a beautiful run up a great long draw across 15, into 21 and finally into the Tower. In



FIELD ASSEMBLING IN STABLE YARD AT KENNELS.

(Sperry Photo)

twenty minutes we had covered a 5-mile distance that would have taken us a cold hour to hack home. At the first check in the Tower, hounds were called in, a short way from Kennels.

On the 18th the Anticline gave us yet another coyote which hounds ran off the north slope, into the Purebred where he turned and then brought him back along Wildcat road and through the Hole as far as the Buffalo enclosure where they had to give him up. George then cast in the East Ranch and they found almost immediately going east over the country we haven't travelled this year and staying well south of the Wildcat mountain in rather open country. We went about 2 miles in an easterly direction when the coyote finally turned toward rugged Wildcat and there amid great confusion in the pines, with riders and hounds going every which way, he lost hounds.

Thanksgiving, though far from blank, did not come up to former years; we had only a 20-minute run to the east of Headquarters. On the 25th hounds were cast in the East Ranch, found almost immediately and ran north over the fields to the MacArthur road but took a turn just this side of it and ran back diagonally toward Wildcat mountain, crossing a big winter wheat field on the way. We climbed the rough south side but once up there was very little scent on top that flat, wind-blown mesa. On the next Thursday hounds found near Wildcat road, ran as if they would cross it but swung north and making a circle, ran west across Bennett's gulch and well out in front of Headquarters. Here they turned left-handed again, gave us a glorious ride over broad grassy fields leading up to Headquarters going up the Trap in which sandy creek bed they eventually lost.

H. C. N.



HUNTSMAN GEORGE BEEMAN PUTTING HOUNDS INTO COVERT.

(Sperry Photo)

Horse Shows

WEEKLY NEWS

FROM THE

Nancy G. Lee

Ashantee Riding Club

The second horse show in the winter series, sponsored by the Ashantee Riding Club, was indeed the best as far as entries and really good quality horses. Miss Barbara Pease came in with John Vass' stable and that top horse, Doswell, made a pretty good sweep of all the trophies. Miss Pease does a grand job and it's really a nice horse she's working with.

By rights this show should have been big mess as half the original horse show committee was strucken with a bug that kept them in bed, so poor innocent bystanders were put into the harness and in some cases people were wandering around with a jump or two wondering how in the world they ever got involved in the first place. The busiest person was the show secretary, Mrs. Marion Hamlin, who was just a spectator at first, was made show secretary and

Toddy Messler; 4. Jack o'Dandy, Barbara Hastings.

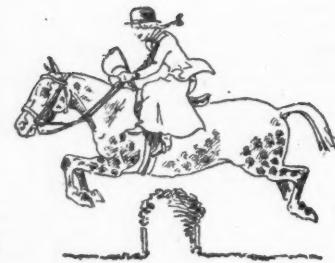
Knock-down-and-out — 1. Gunman; 2. Star, Thomas Trott; 4. Quien Sabe; 4. Popeye.

Bexar County Ride and Hunt Club

Another show has been added to the Texas fall circuit and it is certainly hoped that it will become an annual event. The hunt course is so arranged for both short and long courses and has varied terrain. There were four full divisions.

The working hunter division brought out two new champions. Who Zat, owned and ridden by Dick Dyke won his first tri-color in decisive fashion with some fine, consistent rounds. In for reserve was Anglo American, owned and ridden by Shirley Morgan.

It seems to have been a show of firsts for the junior champion was another. Miss Eleanor Morgan rode



SHOW CIRCUITS

JUDGES: Col. O. I. Holman, jumpers and equitation; Col. W. A. Roffe, hunters.

CH. JUNIOR RIDER: Eleanor Morgan.

Res.: Ann McHale.

JUMPER CH.: Melrose, Joan Lander.

Res.: Analize, Charles Zimmerman.

WORKING HUNTER CH.: Who Zat,

Dick Dyke.

Res.: Anglo-American, Mrs. S. Morgan.

CONFORMATION HUNTER CH.: Mainspring, Bill Hobby.

Res.: Pass Port, Penny Hoover.

CH. EQUITATION: Merrick Coates.

Res.: Eleanor Morgan.

SUMMARIES

November 24

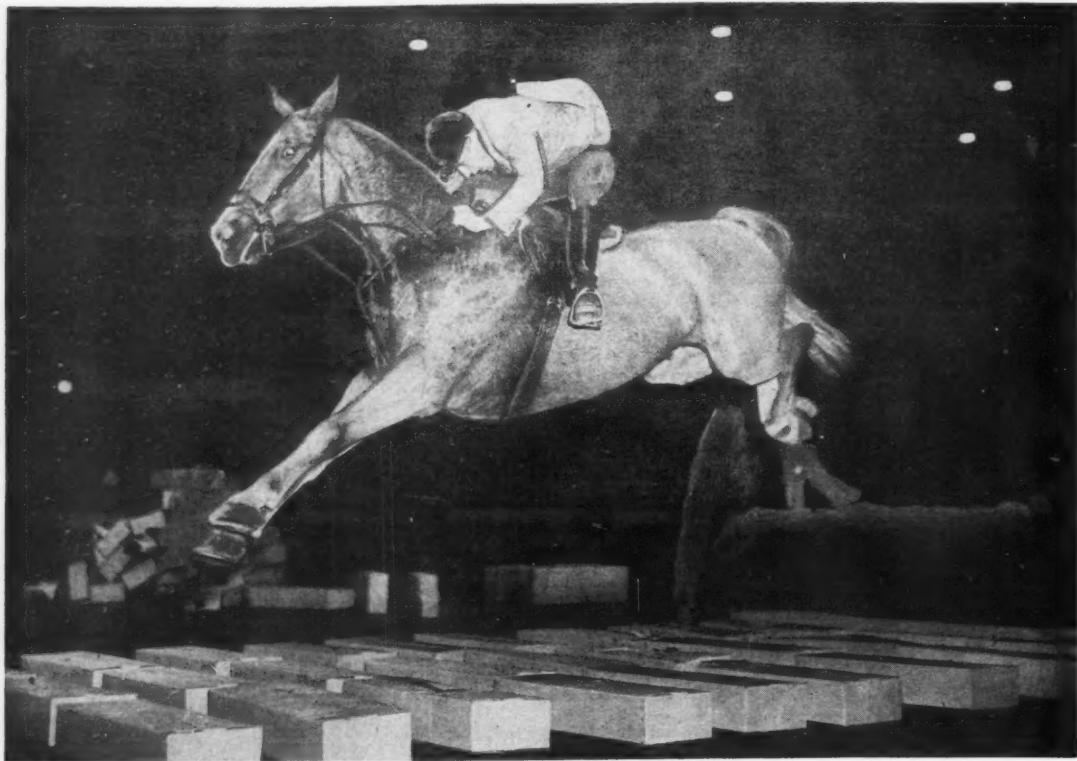
Model conformation hunter — 1. Mainspring, Bill Hobby; 2. Wedgewood, Susan Penn; 3. Pass Port, Penny Hoover; 4. Soldier Creek, Mrs. V. G. Olsmith.

Equitation, 12 and under — 1. Eleanor Morgan; 2. Sue Cocke; 3. Mary Kay McFarland; 4. Mary E. Iiams.

Limit working hunter — 1. Anglo American, Mrs. S. B. Morgan; 2. Bobby Sox, Edgepark Stables; 3. Who Zat, Dick Dyke; 4. Baldaquin, Mrs. Andrew Kelly.

Horsemanship, 13 to under 18 — 1. Ann McHale; 2. Merrick Coates; 3. Terry Cocke; 4. Sally Meyer.

Limit conformation hunter — 1. Pass Port; 2. Southern Cross, Merrick Coates; 3. Slip Along.



NEW MICHIGAN INDOOR BROAD JUMP RECORD. E. H. Cudney of Winona, Ontario, Canada, was represented by winners and champions at the Michigan International Horse Show. With Doug Cudney up, Copper King jumped 17'-9" in the International Broad Jump to better the previous record by 4'-2".

then later in the show she did a little showing.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT
Michael Kelley

PLACE: Avon, N. Y.
TIME: December 7.
JUDGE: Maxwell Glover.

SUMMARIES

Horsemanship under 12 years — 1. Elaine Knight; 2. Sally Forman; 3. Toddy Messler; 4. Tom Wood; 5. Patty Joynt; 6. James Case.

Novice jumping — 1. Investigator, James Forman; 2. Bright Lad, James Forman; 3. Gertrude, Jean Farrell; 4. Mr. Mac, Mrs. C. Z. Case.

Horsemanship over jumps — 1. James Forman; 2. Betsy Buckley; 3. David Forman; 4. James Case.

Green hunters — 1. Bright Mate, Mrs. R. B. Taylor; 2. Omelene, Margaret Preston; 3. Three Cheers, Roger Young; 4. Investigator.

Pleasure horses — 1. Doswell, Barbara Pease; 2. Investigator; 3. Magic Sailor; 4. Lucky Strike, Mrs. C. Z. Case.

Open jumping — 1. Ethel M, San-Joy Farms; 2. Gunman, San-Joy Farms; 3. Quien Sabe, Roger Young; 4. Popeye, Roy Smith.

Working hunter — 1. Doswell; 2. Three Cheers, Roger Young; 3. Propaganda, John Vass; 4. Investigator.

Hunter hack — 1. Doswell; 2. Bright Lad; 3. Sky's Surprise, Skycare.

Pony jumpers — 1. Little Echo, James Forman; 2. Red Rattlesnake, C. Z. Case; 3. Pixie, C. Z. Case.

her Fireliner to have an initial outing in the champion's circle. Reserve honors went to Miss Ann McHale.

The jumper classes were very good with many jump-offs. One of the most interesting classes was the six bar event held under F. E. I. Rules with the 35'-9" spacing. All horses went clean the first time and on the jump-off, Analize, owned by Miss Susan Penn and ridden by Charles Zimmerman, was the winner. Champion among the jumpers was Miss Joan Lander's Melrose, ridden by Peter Darling. The above mentioned Analize was reserve.

In the conformation ranks Houston did all the good. The championship was won by Bill Hobby on his new horse, Mainspring. The reserve award went to Pass Port, a horse recently sold by Charles Zimmerman to Miss Penny Hoover of Kansas City.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT
The Texan

PLACE: San Antonio, Texas.
TIME: November 24-25.

Mary K. McFarland; 4. Brenda, Mrs. H. H. Phillips.

Junior open jumpers — 1. Verdina Girl, Terry Cocke; 2. Sky Sweeper, Ann McHale; 3. Dublin, Hobby Horse Stables; 4. Candy Carrie, Almeda Stables.

Novice jumpers — 1. Height-Ho, Mrs. Berman Batt; 2. Candy Carrie; 3. Bubbles, Hobby Horse Stables; 4. Rocketeer, Hobby Horse Stables.

Handy working hunter — 1. Overdrive, Charles Griffin; 2. Who Zat; 3. Bobby Sox; 4. Cyrano, Chuck Sanderson.

Junior open hunter — 1. Tuxedo, Terry Cocke; 2. War Balance, Almeda Stables; 3. Patrick, Hobby Horse Stables; 4. Brownwood, Sally Meyer.

Senior open jumper — 1. Melrose, Joan Lander; 2. Mad Money, Mrs. C. F. Zimmerman; 3. Analize, Susan Penn; 4. Dublin.

Junior hunter hack — 1. War Balance; 2. Tuxedo; 3. Fireliner, Eleanor Morgan; 4. Slip Along.

Ladies' conformation hunter — 1. Mainspring; 2. Trail Bird, Missy Kone; 3. Falco Jed, James Snowden; 4. Pass Port.

November 25

Six bar class — 1. Analize; 2. Mad Money; 3. Melrose; 4. Tally-Ho, Gray Horse Farm.

Horsemanship over fences, 12 and under — 1. Eleanor Morgan; 2. Sue Cocke; 3. Mary Kay McFarland; 4. Kay Greenwood.

Open conformation hunter — 1. Pass Port; 2. Soldier Creek; 3. Trail Bird; 4. Falco Jed.

Horsemanship over fences, 13 to 18 — 1. Ann McHale; 2. Barbara McMath; 3. Bobby Gossell; 4. Terry Cocke.

Open working hunter — 1. Anglo American;

2. Who Zat; 3. Baldaquin; 4. Ben-Brook, T. J. Harrell.

Touch and out — 1. Dublin; 2. Analize; 3. Mad Money; 4. Pall Bearer, Hobby Horst Stable.

Junior handy hunter — 1. Tuxedo; 2. Verdina Girl; 3. War Balance; 4. Slip Along.

Working hunter stake — 1. Goldigger, Earl Parker; 2. Who Zat; 3. Baldaquin; 4. Overdrive.

Jumper stake — 1. Melrose; 2. Red Head, Parish Stable; 3. Analize; 4. Dublin.

Conformation hunter stake — 1. Mainspring; 2. Falco Jed; 3. Trail Bird; 4. Brenda.

International

Orchids and bouquets were very definitely the order of the day to the committee of the Michigan Horse Show Association for their foresight and hard work in putting on Michigan's first International Horse Show which was held at the State Fair Ground's Coliseum. This was Michigan's answer to the Chicago International and the National which is held at Madison Square Garden. True, it may not have been as fine, mainly because it was the first attempt, but nobody tried any harder than the show manager, J. P. Malley. The committee made a very wise decision and were indeed fortunate in getting the good hunter and jumper judge, Christopher Wadsworth. It was a pleasure to see the efficiency with which the classes were pinned. It is easy to tell what type job is being done in the middle of the ring by the attitude with which both the crowd and the exhibitors receive the decision.

War Bond, owned by E. H. Cudney of Winona, Ontario, collected enough points throughout the 4-day show to be given the tri-color in the conformation hunter division. Reserve spot was occupied by Lady Gordon, owned by Si Jayne and ridden by Miss Dorothy McCloud.

It was decided by the committee that the hunters be allowed to show both in the working and conformation divisions due to the fact that they were unable to determine the number of entries which this inaugural show would bring out. Therefore the reserve champion in the conformation ranks was pinned the champion in the working hunter division with the reserve award in the latter division going to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Munk's good going bay, Combination.

The show made a wise decision and received innumerable votes of thanks from the exhibitors for the excellent footing which was provided in the ten inches of clay-based loam which was hauled into the spacious coliseum. This same good footing enabled the spectators to witness the most exciting of open classes. Mr. Cudney again sent out an ambassador. This time it was his Panama which garnered a total of 32 points to be pinned the open jumper champion and give his owner the unprecedented honor of winning both the conformation hunter and open jumper tri-colors. Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace showed their versatile Mountain Breeze in the open classes and with Johnny Wallace in the irons, received the reserve award. Johnny also helped keep the show moving by doubling as paddock judge and keeping the entries moving into the ring with a minimum of time wasted.

The show committee, it is felt, also gave a wonderful contribution in the fact that they included a junior olympic class which was shown over a children's FEI modified Olympic course for riders up to 18 years of age. It showed a good deal of foresight and constructive thinking on their part by including this event as an incentive to the younger riders. They, after all, are the ones who will be representing our country in future Olympic Games. Miss Susan Creech won the event which included 15 riders.

Ridden by young Douglas Cudney, Copper King added further laurels to the stable's accomplishment when he jumped 17'-9" in the International Broad Jump to beat 18 entries and set a new state indoor broad jump record. In doing this, he bettered the previous record by 4'-2".

The crowd, which was one of the most receptive to the efforts of the exhibitors and their mounts, did not seem overly large for the spacious coliseum. After the excellent show this year, the 2nd Michigan International Horse Show no doubt will see a capacity crowd witnessing this event next year. Extra icing was given this year by Detroit's own

Continued on Page 15

Friday, January 4, 1952

Horse Shows

Continued From Page 14

Mounted Police Drill Team which put on precision drill exercise; a wonderful exhibition of training. A crowd-pleasing novelty was supplied by the 8-pony hitch of the Holland Furnace Company with Fred Robinson driving.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT Gerry Helder

PLACE: Detroit, Michigan.
TIME: December 5-8.
JUDGE: Christopher Wadsworth.
WORKING HUNTER CH.: Lady Gordon, Si Jayne.
Res.: Combination, Mrs. W. A. Munk.
OPEN JUMPER CH.: Panama, E. H. Cudney.
Res.: Mountain Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace.
CONFORMATION HUNTER CH.: War Bond, E. H. Cudney.
Res.: Lady Gordon, Si Jayne.

SUMMARIES

Lightweight hunters—1. Symphony, B. L. Lohmuller; 2. Goldenwood, Ten Pin Farms; 3. Lady Gordon, Si Jayne; 4. Watch Pass, Ann Mustard.

Hunter hacks—1. Watch Pass; 2. War Bond, E. H. Cudney; 3. Victory, L. L. Trone; 4. Combination, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Munk.

Open working hunters—1. Red Bird, Si Jayne; 2. Combination; 3. Central Drive, Si Jayne.

Open jumpers—1. Watch Me, Si Jayne; 2. Tony, Hans Buscher; 3. Mountain Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace; 4. Copper King, E. H. Cudney.

Amateur working hunter—1. Lady Gordon; 2. Central Drive; 3. Red Bird; 4. Combination.

International triple bar—1. Star Clift, Lt. Col. Charles Baker; 2. Copper King; 3. Star Gaiety, Stuart Fleming; 4. Goldenwood.

Equitation, hunter seat, up to 12 years—1. Pat Bugs; 2. Jane Bugs; 3. Jan Schaefer.

Knock-down-and-out—1. Mountain Breeze; 2. Blue Bonnet, Frank Duffy; 3. Star Gaiety; 4. Panama.

Ladies' working hunters—1. Lady Gordon; 2. Combination; 3. Red Bird; 4. Mountain Breeze.

International in and out—1. Mi-Surprise, Molly Malone; 2. Big Chief, Ten Pin Farms; 3. Panama; 4. Tony.

Working hunter stake—1. Lady Gordon; 2. Miss McNeil, F. D. Boudeman; 3. Mountain Breeze; 4. Combination.

Junior Olympic jumpers—1. Susan Creech; 2. Frank Duffy; 3. Kitty Proctor; 4. Frank Duffy. Green hunters—1. Lady Gordon; 2. War Bond; 3. Folly's Image, Kathy Zeunen; 4. Symphony.

Open green hunters—1. Folly's Image; 2. Pacific, Mrs. Gerald Helder; 3. Contain, D. R. Motch; 4. Goldie Lock, Linda Sadler.

Junior horsemanship (over fences)—1. Susan Creech; 2. Mary Cornell; 3. Ann Jensen; 4. Frank Duffy.

Equitation, hunter seat, 13 to 18—1. Mary Cornell; 2. Susan Creech; 3. Ann Jensen; 4. Frank Duffy.

Handy hunters and jumpers—1. Victory; 2. Mi-Surprise; 3. Panama; 4. Mountain Breeze.

Middle and heavyweight hunters—1. Folly's Image; 2. Pall Mall, John Cakebread; 3. Gun Drop, John Mustard.

International FEI jumping event—1. Red Rocket, Folly Farms, agt.; 2. Panama; 3. Mountain Breeze; 4. 90 Octane, Chuck Grant.

International broad jump—1. Copper King; 2. Nite Owl, John Cornell; 3. More Bounce, Steve Licker; 4. Aristocrat, Ten Pin Farms.

Conformation hunter stake—1. War Bond; 2. Central Drive; 3. Combination; 4. Symphony; 5. Lat, H. L. Reynolds; 6. Pall Mall; 7. Eve's Star, Hildegrade Wemmer; 8. Panic.

Jumper stake—1. Watch Me; 2. Panama; 3. Red Bird; 4. Mi-Surprise; 5. Goldenwood; 6. Mountain Breeze.

essentially a "must" when schooling a horse. A simple program paves the way to more advanced schooling and gives each candidate a basis of comparison by which to measure her horse's ability, as well as her own understanding of a better working method towards an ultimate goal.

This particular event was considerably modified, taking place in one afternoon and including only 2 of the 3 required phases. It had, nevertheless, all the appeal and finish of its more difficult counterpart. The elementary schooling phase was very simple, with no collection, aiming rather at relaxed, efficient movements with smooth transitions, calmness and obedience during the 14 requirements, which included a low but wide jump taken at a loose rein trot, maintaining this trot upon landing, and at an ordinary canter when approached from the opposite side. An interesting point to note is that every rider remained within the confines of the arena, which was indicated not by the customary low railing but by ground markings of white lime.

The cross country phase was over a course approximately 11 1-2 miles long, with 11 jumps, all different, yet the type a hunter would encounter when following hounds. They were all indicated by flags and ranged in height from 3'-0" to 3'-6". There was no prearranged time against which horses were penalized. Each rider, upon completion of the first phase, embarked immediately on the second. She was clocked when leaving the starting point and again when crossing the finish line. Except when they were in the woods, picking their way downhill over logs and across ditches, these riders maintained a steady hand gallop throughout. The faults, which were recorded by patrol judges standing at vantage points along the course, were the refusals, these being penalized accordingly in the final score. One refusal occurred all afternoon. As several scores in the first phase ran close, time was the important factor in determining the ultimate winners.

Winner of the event was Miss Marilyn Sundt riding Taffy.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT Baffie

PLACE: Chatham, Virginia.
TIME: November 29.
JUDGE: Col. Thomas E. Cunningham.
OFFICIAL: Stefanie L. Zachar.

SUMMARIES

Modified 3-Day Event—1. Taffy, Marilyn Sundt; 2. Prickles, Deborah Nicely; 3. Buckles, Jo Cornwell; 4. Marlboro, Cynthia Laing; 5. Chamba, Jane Campbell.

Pick Up and Go

A "Pick Up And Go" show was held on a cold day and while the event was over early, there were many excellent performances.

Miss Eleanor Nass' lovely brown mare, Anthracite, had a brilliant

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round to win the working hunters over the outside course. Nine-year-old Paul Denckla won the open horsemanship over a lot of seasoned riders. Owner-rider John Hill IV and his 13.1 Bunker Hill sailed around the 3'-6" open jumping course for a clean round and the blue.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT Betty Crozer

PLACE: White Horse, Pa.
TIME: November 18.
JUDGES: Dr. Edgar W. Powell and Miss Ruth S. Neilson.

SUMMARIES

Hunter hack—1. Rietta V, Paul Denckla; 2. Lazy Bones, Faith Bonsau; 3. Sea Star, Hope Ely; 4. Blue Watch, Phoebe A. Lilley.

Open horsemanship—1. Paul Denckla; 2. Phoebe A. Lilley; 3. Eddie Houghton; 4. Betsy Crozer.

Pony hack—1. Cherie, Tucker Catherwood;

2. Entry, Marisol Ryan; 3. Buttons, Eddie Houghton; 4. Bunker Hill, John Hill IV.

Open jumping—1. Bunker Hill; 2. Buttons;

3. Entry, Richard Atkinson, Jr.; 4. Sea Star.

Working hunter—1. Anthracite, Eleanor Nass; 2. Lazy Bones; 3. Bunker Hill, Eleanor Nass; 4. Handy Hunter—1. Buttons; 2. Lazy Bones; 3. Anthracite.

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Round Hill Club School

December rolled around again and at the Round Hill Club that meant time for the 6th annual school show.

This year Rosemary Hall was victorious over her traditional rival, the Greenwich Academy, by winning the senior school championship with 26 points, the Academy having 21 points.

The junior division title went to the Academy.

Rosemary's hunt team of Misses Jean Ackerman, Joan Kramer and Hannie Nielsen gained permanent possession of the Dr. John McCreery Memorial Trophy, winning it for the third consecutive year.

Miss Susie Chapin of Rosemary rode her way to the horsemanship tri-color with 8 points and Miss Betsy Bolles of the Academy was reserve with 7 points.

The trophy donated by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gilb for working hunters, had been won for two straight years by Frances Pryor's Huntsman but this year it was won by Theodore Wahl's Temptation, ridden by Miss Hannie Neilson.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT H. W. N.

PLACE: Greenwich, Conn.
TIME: December 9.

JUDGES: Col. S. V. Consant, J. W. Morris.
SENIOR CH.: Sue Chapin.
Res.: Betsy Bolles.
JUNIOR CH.: Ko Ko Howe.
Res.: Mary Stollenwick.

SUMMARIES

Saturday Morning
Lead line class up to 7 years—1. Vickie Murray; 2. Chi Chi Ramsing; 3. Merilee Mueller; 4. Roberta Ann Reyes.

Novice children under 7 years—1. Vivi Sterling; 2. Corinne Rutgers; 3. Timothy Matson; 4. Katinka Matson.

Novice children 8 years old—1. Alma Rutgers; 2. Barbara Chisholm; 3. Jeannette Matson; 4. Anna Lee Nowell.

Novice children 9 years old—1. Rosemary Lake; 2. Robin Reciler; 3. Sandra Adams; 4. Marge of Henning; 5. Cynthia Hayth.

Novice children 10 to 12 years old—1. Diana Gilbert; 2. Muril Sudduth; 3. Pamela Perkins; 4. Trista Richards.

Novice children 10 to 12 years old—1. Gall Smith; 2. Marion Knowles; 3. Marganita Serrell; 4. Joan Hulme; 5. Susie Fisher.

Novice children 10 to 12 years old—1. Kathy Phelps; 2. Cynthia Collier; 3. Mary Fountain; 4. Lynn Rhatigan; 5. Ann Bouden.

Saturday Afternoon
Intermediate horsemanship 8 to 9 years old—1. Johanna Berbank; 2. Judith Schiffer; 3. Grace Romeyn; 4. Sandra Adams.

Continued On Page 20

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HORSES

Top middleweight hunter, with excellent hunting manners. Chestnut gelding, 16.1, 8 years old. Hunted 4 seasons in Virginia. Write Miss A. F. Hedrick, 1406 Court House Square, Arlington, Va. Phone Oxford 0302, evenings Michigan 1377. 12-21-3t chg.

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Saturday, December 1

Hounds met at the Tangy School. Perfect hunting weather, overhead and underfoot, and we were shortly to learn set good. Due to a disabled van we delayed our start for about 15 minutes then Huntsman Heller roaded the 18 couple about half a mile to the Thicket west of Middle-town Road opposite Jack-Jack's. As we entered the Thicket a red was viewed, hounds got the line immediately and we were off for a 1 hour and 15 minute run—several checks but most of the time at a good gallop else riders would have lost hounds. The hound work was superb, the fox was tricky, doubling back through Lane's and then up wind to Westtown School, on to the Railroad Wood where he turned south and went to earth in order to spare his brush; in the corner of the wood strip and bog near Wampler's.

A satisfied Field of 31, Joint-M. F. H. Walter M. Jeffords, Jr. and Thomas F. Simmons, Messrs. Reeve, Beattie, Wendler, Wall, Elliott, Jones and his two young sons (good lads to keep your eye on that day, they knew the country well), also Messrs. Frantz, Rackstraw and Richards (mounted on his young gray mare which is proving most able). The ladies following hounds—or if I may say, most of the time first-fighters—Mrs. Milton Peek, Mrs. Russell Jones, Miss Frantz, Mrs. Rackstraw, Miss Wall and Mrs. James Cochran.

We turned towards home, across Lanes' Farm to the Street Road Barrens. The day's sport was not finished—two more reds and a gray. The reds both accounted for before Joint M. F. H.'s Simmons and Jeffords, decided there had been sufficient sport for one day to satisfy the heart of even the most enthusiastic follower of the greatest of all sports—Fox Hunting.

Tuesday, December 4

A small Field met at the Kennels at 1:30 p. m. Joint-M. F. H. Thomas F. Simmons, Messrs. Wendler and Rackstraw, Mrs. Frank H. Griffin, Mrs. James Cochran, Mrs. Milton Peek and Mrs. Edward Rackstraw. Huntsman Heller drew Seltzer's. Found in Pines on southeast just off Dogkennel Road, ran to Crum Creek—viewed by entire Field, doubled back down the Creek exactly retracing his steps. Huntsman Heller cast hounds in the corn field, where they had difficulty in getting the line. Once on, they flew, making two

large circles in the direction of Allen's Hollow, then turned left through Caslots', on to Bates' and circled Bodine's, back to Crum Creek.

Thursday, December 6

Fifteen couple met at Burnside at 1:30 P. M. An exceptionally small Field, Joint-M. F. H. Thomas F. Simmons, mounted on his bob-tailed mare; Paul Wendler on his chestnut; John Richards on his young gray mare were the old regulars present. Hounds were cast in the meadow below Hunting Hill. They circled the cover, crossed Ridley Creek—going northwest to Chestnut Sprouts, where a red was found. Scent was perfect, despite the fact it was an Indian Summer Day in December, with the thermometer hovering about the 65-degree mark. The Fox was viewed as he crossed Providence Road into the Horace White pasture where he swung right through the Cochrane woods then swerved left across the reservoir. Huntsman Heller and the Field were compelled to cross the Gradyville Road bridge to get to hounds. The reservoir is shallow back of Cochrane's, all right for foxes and hounds to cross but not so for horses and riders—as Billy Reeve discovered several seasons ago, when he attempted this feat and had to get off and lead his horse across, both knee-deep in mud and mire. All be it, Billy was the only one with hounds on that occasion. Hounds raced through Garrett Williamson's then on to Castle Rock, swerving left to the Herkness Pines, necessitating the Field making the difficult, deep crossing at the north end of the reservoir. After negotiating this heavy going, horses checked on the first hill to learn where hounds had flown. Not a sound, they couldn't have gone up in the air.

This was a day of excellent hound work. A day when more could be enjoyed by the hilltoppers than the fox hunter on horse—as the country was such it was impossible for the horse to keep with hounds. The hilltoppers had a wonderful time, repeated excellent views, even the sight of seeing two hounds swimming under the Gradyville Bridge in full cry (while swimming) to catch the rest of the pack pushing the red on the east shore of the reservoir. I reported this scene to a fox hunter, saying the hilltoppers saw hounds swim under the bridge barking. I was corrected and told hounds do not bark, but to the hilltoppers "Them was dogs and they was barking". It appeared as though the fox and hounds were having great fun—until the fox finally grew a bit weary so he popped into an earth in the middle of a thick honeysuckle patch. Hounds seemed most disappointed that the fun was over, suddenly they heard the huntsman's horn and trotted to him with the attitude "Back to school we go". We called it a day.

Saturday, December 8

At 11 a. m. hounds met at Gradyville, a Field of approximately 20, including our Joint-M. F. H.'s Thomas F. Simmons and Walter M. Jeffords, and a good percentage of the regulars. Messrs. Reeve, Wall, Beattie, Elliott, Kay, Frantz (Mr. Frantz son, Billy, was again being so kind as to act as honorary whipper-in). Mrs. Frank H. Griffin, with her groom, irreplaceable Louie mounted on her able horse, Gooney; Miss Sheila Wall, Miss Frantz, Mrs. Milton Peek and Mrs. James Cochran on her chestnut Apple-Jack.

A muggy day, the dismal thought that fox would be lying close. It would be difficult to find. Predictions from the old-timers flew along those lines. Pardon the digression, but personally, my thoughts were, my experience has taught me that

frequently the fox is likely not to do what we think he is likely to do; thus his well-earned reputation of being sly, elusive, cowardly and bold, all at the same time. Therefore, at the meet when I hear "The wind is south, no run today—the air's too heavy he'll lie close" I can only say, sometimes he does and sometimes he doesn't. After a run during which the fox has out-foxed all the pronostications of the most experienced fox hunter it is amusing to hear the comments, to wit: "I've had good runs before, just like that right into the wind, a south wind too". By the time each member of the Field recounts his unique experiences in the way of the fox, it sounds as though no member of the Field ever had a run except straight into a south wind. I always figure I'm right back where I was in the first place. I don't know where he's going but hope springs eternal and I hope he goes straight and our hounds push him and we hunt straight.

We drew Mendenhall's cover across the pipe line, turned right toward the Green Briars. So far no hound had given tongue, the diehards had been right, maybe they were going to be right, dismal thought. From the Green Briars on to Delchester meadow, through Pickering, still not a hound's voice (the old-timers must be right) to Hunting Hill—there—and how glorious the music was, a red fox. He ran to the Gradyville Road pines, swung right, through the old Green Farm, out the lane to Delchester Road. Across, through the Pig-Pen, turned west across Mr. Simmons' lower pasture, on to the Green Briar. This straight, terrifically fast red was viewed coming out of the Green Briars by Bill Morrow who took off his cap, waved it in the direction our fox had gone, we knew then hounds were absolutely right and we were pushing him.

Crossing Ashbrook Road the pack running all together, swerved northwest into the Smedley lower pasture. There they swung toward Jack-Jacks and here put our red to earth in the field above the Electric Plant on Westchester Pike. Forty minutes as fast as a horse could go. At the earth, his cap well back on his head, a sign to oldtimers he was well satisfied, I heard Buck, our huntsman, say "I've gone as fast but never faster. Anyhow this old horse couldn't go any faster". I noted he was riding a fine young Thoroughbred but all horses are old to Buck the same as all horses are named "George" to our blacksmith, Bill Rosen.

M. F. H. Simmons performed all the ammuntions, took the poll as to whether we should hunt further or call it a day. Everyone arose to the occasion but the consensus was vans were more desirable than more hunting. This was an abnormally warm day for December, the temperature being in the sixties, horses and riders had had all that was good for them. Also, we were looking forward to the breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Griffin had invited the Field to following the meet. Mrs. Griffin is an enthusiastic fox-hunter of many seasons, Mr. Griffin, President of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club.

At the Griffin's, what a scrum breakfast! The kidney stew, apparently only those from Alabama know its secret, was perfect. However, most of all, we enjoyed seeing some of the familiar faces we don't have the pleasure of seeing in our hunting Field as frequently as in years gone by. Dr. Louis M. Robinson and our ex-M. F. H., Alexander Sellers. Seeing them brought memories of great hunts and great runs where they were in the top flight on top mounts. Few of us will ever forget Mr. Sellers mounted on Squire John, a magnificent bay with such depth he had to have a special girth. A one-man horse, no one else could ride him with the slightest pleasure but with Mr. Sellers' hands he went where he was pointed except some times, then Mr. Sellers appeared to be glued to the saddle and would

BATTLE CREEK HUNT

Battle Creek,
Michigan.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



The Michigan hunting season has been both blessed and cursed by the weather. It has been, alternately, too hot, too cold and too muddy. Several weeks ago those who turned out were bundled to the ears and the ground was frozen hard.

As traditional as turkey on Thanksgiving Day is the Battle Creek's Thanksgiving hunt. A large Field met at the kennels at 10 a. m. and as hounds moved down the road to the south, a number of cars followed carrying hill topers.

The drag had been dropped in Sweet's field and hounds found immediately. They ran southeast and then south, over a panel and through Baker's woods to take a post and rail, followed by a right angle turn, more woods and a stream. Without checking, hounds ran south over rough country to double back into the Baker property where they were checked.

Here they were lifted and taken north, up the road to be cast again in the far end of Sweet's. They found and ran in full cry through field after field, giving the hill topers a clear view of their work. Crossing a well panelled group of small fields, they took the fences, which are known as "the series", with one couple fencing each panel with the agility of deer.

Joint-Master Lewis J. Sarvis was hunting hounds, his black gelding going strong and fencing without a fault. With him up front were Whipper-ins Arthur P. Stone, Carl Miller and Fred Boudeman on his mare, Miss McNeil II, which, in addition to taking top honors in many a horse show, has proven herself as a whip's horse.

Joint-Master P. T. Cheff and the Field followed well up and in a moment they were all away over the far hill and lost from sight of the hill topers who turned to the task of digging out one car well embedded in the sand.

New horses in the Field this season are Miss Ruth Arner's Gentleman Jim, which, after the first long run, settled down to prove himself rightly named, and Mrs. Gerald Helder's 4-year-old, Panic, which has done herself proud.

Youngest rider in the Field is Joe McCluskey who is admirably mounted on his chestnut Thoroughbred, Blaze. This little horse has a world of ability and speed and was used as a whip's horse in cubbing season and on several hunts. He can travel like a flash and when asked, can settle down and trail along at the end of the Field. Joe and his mother, Mrs. Joseph McCluskey, are among the regulars in the Field. Another regular, mounted on perhaps the best going horse out, is L. L. Trone, whose Victory is just about all anyone could ask for. Another steady going horse is Max Goodwin's bay gelding.

Two other newcomers to the Field this season are Wesby Parker's black mare with the astonishing name of Florence Nightingale. Pronounced as inhibited parade horse by her owner in a moment of humorous vexation during cubbing season, she has settled down to a good steady pace. Still another newcomer is Mrs. Wynn Cronk's 4-year-old Time Clock, which soon forgot the shenanigans of colthood and fenced with the rest of them.

Prize for the most remembered remark of the season is held by Mrs. Helder. After her first hunt, she said that Panic seemed to think that hunting was "a sort of half organized stampede." —M. C.

merely say "He just wanted to make sure what was on the other side before he jumped", but in a run Johnny jumped in his stride—in perfect form—never too low—never too high but never laid a toe on anything. As M. F. H. Mr. Sellers hunted him two or three days a week. A great horse, a great M. F. H. and a fox hunter who has forgotten more than most of us have ever known.

—A. J. C.



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MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS

Syosset, Long Island,
New York.
Established 1894.
Recognized 1894.
Operated by Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, about 9 miles from kennels.



to the open in Hill's field where we had a lovely view of him jumping through the tall weeds. Hounds went back into Hutton's and lost after 20 minutes without a clue on the north edge near where a gunner was standing.

A second fox was found close by which soon went to ground. After hacking to Broad Hollow, hounds found again and burst away in great cry from the woods south of Clark's Field. They ran their fox in the power-line cut and were called off after 25 minutes.

When the subject of drafting hounds came up in November, huntsman and M. F. H.'s conferred on the subject in order to determine which hounds were contributing the least to the working of the pack. The name of Blackbird, a big, rangy cross-bred bitch, came up. In the early part of the fall, if there was any hound in a garbage pail, howling in pursuit of a rabbit, or trying to climb a tree after someone's pet tabby, it was Blackbird. Nevertheless, Charlie Plumb decided to give her another chance and see how she behaved exercising and hunting the following week. No sooner had hounds entered a wood covert exercising the next morning than Blackbird found a fox, gave great cry, flung herself into the breach as it were, and led the entire pack on a smart run through the countryside. Since then she has had lapses, to be sure, but on occasion, she suddenly seems to think more highly of her home, puts on a stellar performance and has been a good hound ever since. Barbara Hewlett, secy.

Another fox was found at home in Whitney's woods and after a quick line up toward Garvan's house, doubled back into the woods from the driveway in such short order that huntsman, hounds, and all were out of sight and sound by the time the Field had fought through the rhododendron hedge onto the driveway. The Field was lost for nearly half an hour. This wood covert is so large and so full of ridges and hollows that the cry of hounds is swallowed up when they are a remarkably short distance away. It was discovered that this fox went to ground in Guest's after a 15-minute run.

After reuniting forces, we hacked to Winthrop's. Hounds found on the north edge of the covert, passed the race track where Charles V. Hickox, our M. F. H., took a smashing fall jumping a right-angle fence off the driveway, breaking his jaw and four ribs. This ended hunting for the day for the largest part of the Field.

Catching up with Charlie Plumb and hounds later in the Broad Hollow woods, it was found that hounds ran their fox through Kramer's and finally to ground in Burhill's. Although Mr. Hickox was taken immediately to the hospital. The Hickox family gallantly carried out their original plan to serve the Field a hunt breakfast.

November 12 was an odd day, though a poor day to hunt. Hounds distinguished themselves by finding a fox in Batterman's and running due north into strange country approximately half way between Oyster Bay and Bayville on Mill Neck. After a long hack back to King Zog's Old Reliable there came out to greet us but again scent failed and the trail was lost.

Throughout the fall, the Field has enjoyed watching the progress of a white cross-bred hound with one black spot on his left side. Named Bunker, he has risen from obscurity to prominence with a sudden burst of enthusiasm. Bunker, the clown, who spent most of 1950 grinning at riders, horses and other hounds, has suddenly discovered his function as a foxhound. The grin has a purpose now and wherever hounds are to be found, there is a white streak, hunting harder, faster, louder and with more downright vigor than any other hound in the pack.

Our Thanksgiving luck held good for still another year on November 22, after an almost unbroken line of good Thanksgiving Day hunts. Hounds had no sooner left the meet at the Old kennel when they jumped a fox in a surprise move at the corner of Wynn's woods. The fox bounced out of the woods, giving the Field a magnificent view of him. A dark colored, thick-coated specimen, he ran across the rye field with hounds close behind. Once out of sight, however, scent was poor and hounds hunted him slowly through Stebbins' to Campbell's, and back to the Old Kennel covert for 38 minutes.

Hounds found again in Ledyard's and across the Split Rock Road. They lined their fox out and ran him through Sparks' to Columbia Stock Farm and to ground in Jones' after 27 minutes. The rest of Jones' woods was drawn blank but hounds found another fox at home in Sparks and hunted him for 15 minutes around the house in the woods.

November 24 was a rainy day, cool, and very wet underfoot. Scent was spotty and poor in the open, but good in the woods. Hounds ran the three foxes they found in Whitney's with great cry and ran for an hour. Crossing to Hutton's hounds jumped another fox, ran him out in

where Mrs. Mohlman served a stirrup cup to insure a good start. A cloudy 45 degrees, with snow flurries, and deep mud over the fields were not ideal for the rather fast drag hunt which developed.

Joint-M. F. H. Mohlman moved off at 2:00 with 14 couples of eager hounds and a Field of 21. Riding with the staff, on invitation of the Master, were Foster Bartlett, M. F. H., of Milwaukee; James B. Orthwein and Adolph Orthwein of Bridle spur, St. Louis; and Michael Butler. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shinkle of Bridle spur declined the invitation, preferring to ride in the Field where they could see the country. Other visitors in the Field included Dr. Gilbert Bickle, Mrs. Arla McMillan, and Alvin Snodgrass of Bridle spur; Edwin Bartlett and Russell Van Brunt of Milwaukee.

The Master cast some distance from the drag line so that hounds had to look for it. After casting about for some 300 yards in all directions, Governor and Reaper hit the line, other hounds honored the leaders, and the pack was away at full cry. Four miles of galloping in the heavy going with eight fences had several horses in a lather. At the fourth fence, Mrs. Vivian Bachmann had spill, but was soon remounted and with the Field. At the Check, the clouds of vapor from hounds and horses created quite a local fog.

In the second line, mostly across Butler's Base Farm, horses had their second wind, the going was generally a little better, and the pace faster. However, one creek crossing was a treacherous mire, and Adolph Orthwein's horse climbed the far bank on its knees with Adolph up near its ears. The second check was made at Mays Lake on the Franciscan Farm, where hounds refreshed themselves with a plunge and a long drink of the cold water.

Across the Healy Farms, there were a few places where horses went down nearly to their hocks. At one fence Hon. Whipper-in Norval Anderson came a cropper when his horse couldn't pull its feet out of the mud, hit hard, and both were

down—muddy but unhurt.

Fording Salt Creek, a bit high with recent rains, water was well up the boots of most of the riders and splashed higher. After the creek, several had a few anxious moments while dodging through the woods with wet saddle soap under their calves and knees. Two fences and a couple of miles of woods later a "kill" was made near the Oak Brook Polo Club.

At the "kill", all were satisfied that 14 miles of muddy galloping with three checks were enough for the day; although several remarked that they and their horses were in better shape at the end than at the first check.

—N. E. A.

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This was a special joint hunt in honor of the 25th birthday of Michael Wales Butler. The meet was at Possum Hill Farm, the home of Joint-M. F. H. Theo A. Mohlman,

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Dawson Children And Family Horse Painted By Troye

Edward Troye our foremost American painter of the 19th century painted the children of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Dawson at Spring Hill, Mobile, Alabama in 1850. The picture is reproduced on the cover of The Chronicle this week through the courtesy of Scott and Fowles Gallery in New York. Signed and dated by the artist, the picture is a fine example of the work of this well known equine artist, as well as attractively illustrating the life in the country one hundred years ago. It is of John and James Dawson.

The children are shown with the family saddle horse, Jack, their greyhound, Silky and a setter who went by the name of Nimrod after the famous English sporting writer, who was at that time in the heyday of his reputation gained by covering many of the English foxhunting fixtures of the early 19th century, as well as writing on racing and coaching. The marked ability of this foreign born painter who made such a mark on our sporting portraiture is splendidly shown by the fine family likeness he has imparted to these children.

Certainly if he wished to paint a quiet family scene he could not have picked a better subject than the family saddle horse. The way the horse is bitted, the way he has flexed at the poll, the quiet relaxation of the children is a good illustration of Troye's knowledge of horses as well as showing the life of another day.

Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page 4

one had a stakes winner, and two others had foals which placed in stakes.

This is all, I should guess, below the general average for the dams of top horses. That's hardly the point, and the usual opinion was that the 1951 3-year-olds were somewhat under the top cut anyway. But it's still above the general average for mares now in production.

As usual, in Florida this winter it will be impossible to train anything except a good horse for a specific race. The others will be put in and thrown out, again and again, and finally will get to race when they have nine "stars", so that trainers never know exactly when their charges will start. "You just get 'em three-quarters fit," a trainer said despondently last winter, "and race when you get a chance."

There are many causes for this situation, one of which is that racing contracts in the winter, and that fewer stables "lay up" for the season. But another point is a good many breeders will breed mares on no better grounds than that they have healthy ovaries.

Comments

Continued From Page 7

Bradley never quite got to the point of breeding to a Herod line stallion. Most horsemen agree that Busher was really the top of all the Bradley breeding efforts—and she was by the Matchem horse—so it will never be known what great horses might have been foaled at Idle Hour had its obstinate owner only arranged to mate his best one season to Man o'War!

Secretary Nick Saegmuller's compilation—apparently culled from several books on the subject—makes for interesting reading, especially for the few born Virginians who breed in that state. But then Tennesseans will not agree too heartily with Nick when he says that "Fashion was said to be the greatest racehorse that America has ever produced." There was a Tennessee-bred mare famous in history as Peytona. She easily defeated Fashion on Long Island one hundred and six years ago, after Fashion had beaten the great Boston in a match. Fashion wasn't bred in Virginia, but in New Jersey, and her dam, Bonnets o'Blue was by Sir Charles, not Wagner.

There is much glory in the past history of the Virginia Thorough-

bred—just as there is to his Tennessee counterpart. Both are dimmed nowadays by the ban against racing in the two states. It is difficult to determine the best lines and families by other than the yardstick of competition, and although breeding is carried on still within the borders of both, it is not until the produce reaches the borders of its home state can it have the chance to prove up. In the very nature of mundane affairs, neither Senator Byrd nor Boss Crump can live forever, and brighter days may be in store for both Virginia and Tennessee!

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Danny Maher

Continued From Page 9

for very moderate horses. The fans blinked and thought that someone had made a mistake. As the horses came onto the course, they rushed to the rails to check, and then roared with excitement. There, aboard Mr. J. B. Joel's Sun Yat crouched their beloved Danny. Their sincere welcome deeply touched the little American. As he cantered past the stands he raised himself in his stirrups and repeatedly touched his scarlet cap with his whip in solemn salute. His all-black jacket only served to enhance his sunken cheeks and excessive pallor. Yes, Danny was back for his last race, but he was literally a dying man. Many of the largest bookmakers refused to bet against him, and there was a general scurry to the stands to watch the race.

Of course, if it had been a Hollywood movie Danny would have got up in the last stride to win in a photo finish, but this was real life. The result that everyone hoped for was just not in the cards. If it had been humanly possible for Sun Yat to have won, there would not have been a jockey in the race who would have drawn his whip against Danny Maher that September afternoon. They waited for him as long as was possible, but finally one of them just had to go on and win. As the horses came back, the winner's circle was almost deserted, for the crowd was all down on the lawn watching Danny unsaddle.

Slowly and sadly the little man slipped from Sun Yat's back, with his whole frame shaking with weakness. He leaned his head against his mount's flanks while he unloosened the girth. There were tears in his eyes and tears in the eyes of many who watched him as he gathered the gear. The crowd parted silently to make way for him as he walked wearily to the weighing room. He never rode again. Fourteen months later the end came, and he was buried at Paddington Cemetery, London, and mourned for by thousands. Danny Maher, American jockey and gentleman had been called in front of the Senior Steward.

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Bridlespur Hunt

Continued From Page 12

had seemed to interest hounds with him, he went back to investigate.

By the time he reached McDonald's, hounds were in full cry on a pair of big, cross-bred foxes with grey backs and red bellies. They were viewed by Joint-Master Paul Von Gontard, acting as whipper-in, and by many of the Field. Hounds selected one and straightened him out before he had a chance to make more than one short circle. We went flying south up the hill over the big panel gate, across Allison's and to a wooded draw on the Moody place where hounds momentarily were at fault. But not for long as they pushed Mr. Cross-bred Fox out with such forcefulness that he ran into the horse of a whipper-in, reversed himself, hurried over to the creek and ran back north along Beaver Dam Creek through Thompson's into Allison's. Here he crossed the creek east into the big Sims place, then ran due east through open country for about one mile, over the ridge, across the road on the east and down into the heavily wooded Johnson Heirs place. Here he sought sanctuary in good Mother Earth while a straggling Field, lost and scattered over a large area, finally gathered to pay their respects to a good running fox and his pursuers.

It was a terrific run of about 45 minutes over varied frozen and deep

footing. The horses were pretty well spent, it was a 3 or 4 mile hack in, and under heavy clouds it was beginning to grow dark. With another meet scheduled for 9:00 in the morning, it was advisable to save hounds and horses. While the hunt was short it was full and everybody was happy to call it a day.

The skies cleared that night and there was a rather deep freeze and heavy frost to greet us the following morning. The Master postponed the hour of the meet until 10:00 in the hope that conditions might improve. From the Huntingfield stable we hacked immediately across the dam at Teal Lake and cast in the woods that surround the Empire Club. While it was a beautiful, clear, still day and warming fast, the frozen ground and frost apparently impaired the scent. Although hounds occasionally showed considerable interest, they again found it impossible to settle down on a line for more than a few minutes. They circled the Empire Club, crossed Beaver Dam Creek and worked south down to the wooded creek bottom to Barnes' woods which always produces a nice red. Joint-Master Paul Von Gontard, again acting as whipper-in stationed east of the woods, gave a tallyho as our dependable red burst out eastward. However, a companion must have decided to head south and hounds working out his line wouldn't be lifted to the point of the view halloo.

After a short time, they burst out of Barnes' woods in full cry, circled east along the south side of the Rainey bottom and were at fault. When they could not pick up the line again, Huntsman Rohde moved on southward up the wooded creek bottom through Newkirk and Lockridge and on across the road into McDonald's south forty where we had found our pilot of the previous day. Apparently he had not returned for another day of sport, so we drew a blank. And it was the same story on south up the creek through Allison's, Thompson's and Moody's. We had been out an 1 1-2 hours and it was beginning to appear that the frost and frozen ground were not going to let us have a good run. At this point, hounds were lifted and moved over to the wooded hillside one the old Sims place where we had made our first cast on Saturday.

The field, on high ground to the east, sensed interesting developments down in the cover but were hardly prepared for what developed. About two hundred yards ahead of us Whipper-in Von Gontard tally-hoed and shortly in full sight of the entire Field a big red scurried over the rise and disappeared in the brushy, wooded pasture to the east. In close pursuit came the full pack with a deafening din and we were off to the fastest and longest run ever known in these parts. Our pilot went east a short way and then circled to the north through the Indian woods. Then, surprising everyone, he decided against crossing the road on the east, perhaps turned by a hill-topper, ran west over open country back to Beaver Dam Creek. In the meantime, most of the Field had followed the huntsman on the road and were galloping like mad north along the east side of the Indian woods. Luckily, Mr. Von Gontard stayed on the west side of the woods and kept the huntsman in touch with the situation; otherwise, we would have lost hounds in the beginning. As it was, we had a terrific dash a mile west to the creek and into McDonald's south forty, then south at great speed through Allison's and the Moody place, where the fox crossed the creek on a log. Here the Field had a splendid view of excellent hound work when Judy worked out the line over the log.

Across the creek he again turned south and was viewed crossing the road into Rawlins'. About this time, Huntsman Rohde, having taken the long way around and encountered some heavy going, feared that his horse wasn't up to what appeared to be a good deal more of the same. Mr. Von Gontard temporarily took over while the Field followed hounds through Rawlins' bottom pasture into the woods along the creek, south to Larkin's and into rather inaccessible country. Had our pilot turned west, the hunt would have been over for the small but valiant Field of 12 that remained of the 50 who started. Luckily, he swung east and then northward, heading back for

home. We were able to keep in touch with hounds thanks to the country road as they traveled through an unpannelled area. Then back we worked at a little slower pace traveled through Watts, into the south forty of the old Sims place, and then across the road into the wooded hillside where he was first flushed.

To our amazement he did not go to ground but kept right on running, this time to the northwest toward McDonald's south forty along Beaver Dam Creek. There was a short check where he evidently crossed the creek and hounds had some trouble working out the line. Part of the pack went south up the creek on the east side. We thought surely they had put him to ground but after working our way to them we saw that part of the pack had seen distracted by an opossum which they had treed. By this time our fox, probably still pursued by honest hounds, was clear out of reach of a completely exhausted hunt, staff and Field. At 2:00 o'clock, having had a run of over 2 hours we called it a day, sure in our minds that we would never have a day of better sport.

Additional Notes. (By a Non-Hunting Husband). The Bridlespur Hunt is probably unique in possessing an unofficial auxiliary. Known as the No-Hunt Club, it is composed of non-hunting husbands of hunting wives and vice versa who valiantly, though unsuccessfully, attempt to switch the conversation at hunt breakfasts to golf or shooting. But such is the gracious hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Staley that even the No-Hunt Club looks forward to the Mexico trip with genuine eagerness. Audrain County is a mecca for those who like to seek Bob White behind a pair of bird dogs. In spite of his many other responsibilities, Mr. Staley found time to make all arrangements, including dogs and guides, for quail hunters. Coupled with a splendid opportunity for hilltopping, a gay Dutch Treat party at the hotel Saturday night and an excellent breakfast at the Staley's beautiful home Sunday, this made Mexico a week end to remember for all who went there. —E. R. Scherck

Letters To the Editor

Continued From Page 2

ture from years past and, though I realized it might well be no more than a gyp, at his request I telephoned him \$20.00 for gas and oil to get him and his van with the purported gift horse and two others and to continue on his trip south from New York to my place. The next day I received another telephone call—and both calls were collect—saying that he had had an accident in Trenton and I again sent him \$25.00 since he said he had \$16.00 of the original amount left.

I have neither heard from nor seen my purported friend, since and I am therefore forced to the unhappy conclusion that it was the gyp I was afraid it was. I am sending this information on to you because I believe that other people who are interested in horses should be protected against such knavery.

Albert P. Hinckley

Orlean, Virginia

Dressage For Hunters

Dear Sir:

A line to say how much I enjoyed the letter in the recent issue of The Chronicle signed by Mr. Edward Wulff on elementary dressage training for hunters. I would be very interested in a few articles on this subject, as I am schooling a young horse and am doing all I know along this line, but my knowledge of dressage is limited. I have had the opportunity to ride a dressage horse only once or twice but I must say it is a "delicious" feeling.

There must be many enthusiasts such as I with no one to guide them, and a few well chosen words on training would be appreciated.

Very truly yours,

Maud Dulany Jones
(Mrs. Lee Richardson Jones)
Baltimore, Md.

In the Country



F. E. I. MEETING

A meeting of the Federation Equestre Internationale held in Paris decided on one important question of interest to the United States. After a prolonged debate, the F. E. I. ruled in a 13 to 5 decision that no lady riders will be permitted to ride in the Prix des Nations at the Olympic Games to be held in Helsinki this year. This decision necessitated a change in the U. S. Equestrian Team in so far as Mrs. Carol Durand would not be able to compete. In her place William Steinkraus, up to then the alternate on the team, became a regular member and Norman Brinker, at present serving with the U. S. Navy, will be the alternate.

The following nations were represented at the F. E. I. meeting in Paris: Egypt, Argentine, Australia, Belgium, Denmark, France, England, Holland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Canada, Norway, Austria, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain and the U. S. A. The following countries were re-admitted to the F. E. I. and their delegates took part in the meeting: Germany and Japan. Newly admitted to the Federation were New Zealand, Peru and Cambodia. The Saarland, which also asked for admittance, was rejected.

Although the participation of women in the Prix des Nations at the Olympic Games was opposed by the majority, a 11 to 9 decision was reached to the effect that ladies may participate in similar events at other international shows. The minimum weight for lady riders in such events was raised to 75 kilogram.

A hopeful step in the direction to interest younger riders to participate in international events was taken by the decision to add a junior event to the International show in Le Zoute (Belgium) in 1952. This decision may become especially important for countries like the U. S. where there is no Army branch anymore to take care of the continuous flow of young and talented riders into the international teams. It might be well worth effort and money to send a junior team to Europe for such competition. The experience which they will gain and their standing in international competition may give us very valuable clues for the selection of our own teams for international shows in the years to come.

Generally speaking, there was a tendency at the meeting to make international events of the "Prix des Nations" type more difficult in the future. That tendency was shown in the decision that in such classes six obstacles must be at least 1.40 meter and two jumps 1.60 meter. In this connection it may also be of interest that the broad jump of 8.30 meter in Barcelona last year by the Spaniard, Col. Lopez del Hierro, was recognized as a world's record.—H. W.

CHANGE IN DATES

Last year the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair's prize money was increased to a new high of \$135,000. With the continuing increase in costs, the Royal feels it has to maintain the 1951 level and at all events, avoid a 1952 cutback. With this in mind, General Manager C. S. McKee states, "Increased revenue in any important degree can only come from increased attendance. For years the Royal has opened on a Tuesday and closed Wednesday of the following week. Thus we have had only one week end on which to rely for our peak attendance. The executive committee believes that a change to provide two week-ends will do much

to encourage the general public to visit the fair.

"It has been decided, therefore, that the 1952 Royal will open on Friday, Nov. 14, and extend through Saturday, Nov. 22. While it is recognized that any change from long-established custom may cause some temporary inconvenience to some old and valued exhibitors, the Royal earnestly hopes that all its friends will appreciate the reason for the change and will co-operate generously in facilitating the success of an effort which is intended to benefit all exhibitors".

SEEN AT MONTEREY

Mrs. Carol Durand, Mrs. Jane Pohl Rust, Misses Zandra Morton, Sally Busch and Maxine Ix, and a group of nine Texas exhibitors thoroughly enjoyed the Monterey International Horse Show in Mexico. The Texas group was quite a sight Saturday night when the weather was so cold. With outfits ranging from six shirts upwards and with a great variety of hats, coats, etc., they were all huddled at the top of the stands completely wrapped in horse blankets loaned through the courtesy of the U. S. horses. It was too cold

go to a track to see how much trouble some fans take to get a look at the 2-year-old get of famous sires. In fact, it is a wonder the management don't set a day aside each year to exhibit all the first crop progeny of famous performers which are in training at the current meeting. An affair like this could be held before the start of the regular racing program.

Getting back to Stymie's first crop, Trainer Hirsch Jacobs has three of the juveniles at Santa Anita and is mighty pleased with them. Heiress, a chestnut filly out of Mahmoudess, by *Mahmoud, has shown speed but right now is out with bucked shins. She is aptly named as her sire and dam together won over a million dollars. As a foal she was known as the "million dollar baby".

The name Virginian has been claimed for the brown colt out of Pinch, by *Sickle, which was bred by steeplechase trainer J. T. Skinner and sold at Saratoga for \$12,500. He was known as "Little Stymie" while his habitat was Middleburg.

Another likely looking prospect is a filly out of Brevithorn, by Firethorn. This little miss is a descendant, on her dam's side, of the great producing mare Miss Brief.

The racing public will give these young hopefuls plenty of attention and because of the fame of their sire, they will be the cynosure of all eyes when they go postward for their first races.—Easy Mark.

SELECT CIRCLE

When Jockey Charlie Burr rode his 300th winner for 1951, he became the 7th rider since 1895 to accomplish this feat. The other jock-



to even carry on conversation but they stayed until the last horse cleared the last jump.

The whole U. S. Equestrian Team got stuck for vaccinations at the airport on leaving Monterey. The Irish team had luckily brought certificates so they escaped the ordeal.

A most amazing Apaloosa horse was shown by a Mexican vaquero in exhibition at the show. His final trick of walking for a full minute on his hind legs was superior. Unlike most horses which do this, his front feet remained perfectly still. He also executed many dressage movements and walked on his knees.

Texas exhibitors can look for some new and formidable jumps and courses for one enterprising spectator. In their group spent considerable time making copies of jumps and courses.

The tricky little canvas tanks used for the water jump and the time they had a 4'-0" post and rail in front of it and a 5'-6" post and rail behind it for the last jump won't soon be forgotten. Two rows of century plants were used as in and outs and also as a half hogs back.

The Texan

STYMIE'S YOUNGSTERS

With the ushering in of 1952, turf enthusiasts started gluing their eyes to the 2-year-old races to see how the foals of 1950 would make out. Followers of the great handicap star, Stymie, will be watching for his first crop. And if you think that the racing public goes to the races solely to place a wager, you have only to

eyes in the select circle are Walter Miller, who had 388 in 1906 and 334 in 1907; Vincent Powers with 324 in 1908; Jack Westope, 301 in 1933; Johnny Longden, 316 in 1947 and 319 in 1948, and Willie Shoemaker and Joe Culmone, who equalled Miller's record of 388 in 1950.

Many of the great jockeys in the history of American racing, including Eddie Arcaro, have missed this honor. However if you are planning to shed tears for Master Eddie, take a peek at the list of "leading stake and feature-winning jockeys, according to amount of money won, since 1935." No other jockey comes close to Arcaro in this department. The incomparable Eddie has led this list 5 times. —Easy Mark.

REHEARSING

The Hot Stove Jockey Club was having its usual meeting to catch up on the racing and breeding news which had been crowded out by the holidays, when one of the members spotted the chart on the California Breeders Stakes, run at Santa Anita, on December 29. It was won by Mr. and Mrs. Harry James' (Betty Grable) Big Noise. He thought awhile and came up with a few choice sentences.

"Hey this one is by *Khaled, the horse that has thirteen 2-year-old winners in his first American crop, and they keep saying those California mares ain't much. If this is so, I'll give odds that somewhere in the land of Daniel Boone there is a band rehearsing 'California Here I Come.' —Easy Mark

ADOLPHE PONS

Adolphe A. Pons, who for more than 50 years was a well known figure in American racing and breeding circles, died at his Country Life Farm, Bel Air, Md., on Dec 26, at the age of 68.

Mr. Pons was born at Montpelier, France and was brought to this country at the age of 5. As a young man Mr. Pons became associated with the late August Belmont and for many years acted as his business agent. During this time he handled the sale of many noted Thoroughbreds for the Belmont interests. He was Mr. Belmont's agent in the purchase of "Rock Sand" for \$125,000. He handled the sale of Tracery to the Argentine. Tracery, a brown son of "Rock Sand"—"Topiary," by Orme, brought a reported price of almost a quarter of a million. He was "Rock Sand's" best son, which won fame in the stud in England. Man o' War, America's most famous yearling purchase, was taken to the Saratoga Sales by Mr. Pons, for August Belmont.

After Mr. Belmont's death Mr. Pons handled the dispersal of his Thoroughbred holdings, getting over a million dollars for the Belmont Estate. Such horses as Fair Play, Ordinance and Ladkin were sold, at that time.

He also purchased Ariel in 1930 when Harry F. Sinclair was reducing the number of Thoroughbreds at his Rancocas Farm, later selling an interest in the horse to Walter P. Salmon. Ariel's get have had a corner on the sprint races for more years than one can remember.

Mr. Pons cut down his activities in 1933 and in recent years his two sons John and Joseph have aided him in the operation of his breeding establishment. At present Saggy, Lochinvar, and Airflame stand at the farm which his sons will continue to operate. —Easy Mark.

H. GUY BEDWELL

The American turf and Maryland racing lost another prominent member when Trainer H. Guy Bedwell died at the age of 76, at his Yarrow Brae Farm, Laurel, Md., on Jan. 1. It was the second such loss within a week, as Adolph Pons died on Christmas night.

H. Guy Bedwell was the leading trainer in 1909, and for 6 straight years starting with 1912. He took this honor again from 1941 to 1944, a record which is only surpassed by Hirsch Jacobs. He was the trainer for many famous stables, but is best known for his association with the late Commander J. K. L. Ross, from 1917 to 1921. It was for Com. Ross that he trained Sir Barton, which won the "triple crown" in 1919, the first horse to accomplish this feat. Despite his many differences with officials during his training career, he was recognized as the best in the business when it came to patching up broken-down horses.

During the swamp fever epidemic in New England, 14 of his horses died and he collected insurance of \$125,000 on them.

He was a member of the famous group of cowboys which were associated with racing. This list boasted of such names as Tom Smith, who developed Seabiscuit, the famous trainer Sam Hildreth, and the former jockey Charles Curtis, who became vice-president under Herbert Hoover.—Easy Mark.

MY HATTIE DIES

Dr. F. A. O'Keefe's Pine Brook Farm, Warrenton, Virginia, lost its premiere broodmare when My Hattie died on December 24, as a result of a hemorrhage of the bladder. My Hattie, by Mad Hatter—Avenger, by "Dis Done," was bred by C. V. Whitney, and has been owned by Dr. O'Keefe since her 4-year-old season. She is the dam of the good sprinter of the past season Repetoire by "Happy Argo," which captured number of stakes and was highly regarded for the "run for the roses".

My Hattie is also noted as the dam of the outstanding conformation hunter Prompt Payment, by "Hilltown." Among his triumphs are the conformation tri-color at Madison Square Garden, Warrenton, and many other shows throughout the country.

Pine Brook Farm sold a bay filly by Alsab out of My Hattie at the 1951 Saratoga Yearling Sales for \$7,000, which will reach the races this year.

SHOWING

Horse Shows

Continued From Page 15

Intermediate horsemanship 10 years old—1. Linda Dunn; 2. Letita Lincoln; 3. Belinda Bauer; 4. Sis Hibbard.

Intermediate horsemanship 11 and 12 years old—1. Susan Gates; 2. Skipper Webb; 3. Kay Henniger; 4. Kitty Grossett.

Intermediate horsemanship 11 and 12 years old—1. Sue Ashton; 2. Kevin McGrath; 3. Dean Matthews; 4. Joseph Graham; 5. Pat O'Neill.

Advanced horsemanship 9 and under—1. Ko Ko Howe; 2. Mary Stollenwerck; 3. Louise Randolph; 4. Mary Brerton.

Beginners jumping 12 and under—1. Mary Stollenwerck; 2. Sherry Hopping; 3. Joseph Graham; 4. Kevin McGrath.

Intermediate jumping 12 and under—1. Ko Ko Howe; 2. Louise Randolph; 3. Patsy Blake; 4. Sis Hibbard.

Sunday Afternoon
Novice horsemanship 13 and over—1. Gladys O'Brien; 2. Anne French; 3. Gay Hall; 4. Patricia Collyer.

Intermediate horsemanship 13 years and over—1. Joan Kramer; 2. Peter Thyree; 3. Betsy Bolles; 4. Karen Goukassow.

Advanced horsemanship 13 years and over—1. Sue Chapin; 2. Diana Dunn; 3. Hanne Neilson; 4. Frances Pryor.

Beginners jumping 13 years and under—1. Mimi Fullerton; 2. Midge Joy; 3. Sally Denzer; 4. Joan Stouffer.

Intermediate jumping 13 years and over—1. Betsy Bolles; 2. Challen Ollinger; 3. Karen Goukassow; 4. Peytie Mcleary.

Advanced jumping 13 years and over—1. Hanne Neilson; 2. Sue Chapin; 3. Diana Dunn; 4. Pamela Moore.

Hunt teams—1. Rosemary Hall; Joan Kramer, Jean Ackerman, Hanne Neilson; 2. Greenwich Academy; Frances Pryor, Diana Dunn, Susan Terbell; 3. Greenwich Academy; Patsy Blake, Linda Dunn, Louise Randolph; 4. Sis Hibbard.

Challen Ollinger, Peter Thyrre, Petie Mcleary.

Pony working hunters — 1. Domino, Mary Stollenwerck; 2. Dixie, Joseph Graham; 3. Nehi, Patsy Blake; 4. Pie, Linda Dunn.

Working hunters — 1. Temptation, Hanne Neilson; 2. Peter Pan, Nancy Bolles; 3. Huntsman, Frances Pryor; 4. Royal Flush, Joan Kramer.

Pony hacks—1. Rogee, Louise Randolph; 2. Domino; 3. Dixie; 4. Pie.

Hunter hacks—1. Devil Gun, Jay Bonner; 2. Huntsman; 3. Good and Plenty, Sue Chapin; 4. St. Ives, Betsy Bolles.

Saddle Tree Farms

As usual, the annual Saddle Tree Farms Horse Show in the large indoor ring was one of the nicest events of this kind around New York. It was perfectly managed by Louis J. Ragonetti. The very tasteful trophies (which can be an example for many other shows) were donated by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Koegel.

Two outstanding young riders, of whom we expect to see much more in the future, fought hard for the equitation tri-color. Miss Cynthia Stone and Ronnie Martini were tied after the final event and a ride-off became necessary. Miss Stone won it for the 2nd time and Ronnie Martini was reserve.

All classes were very well filled and the equitation events gave proof of thorough teaching.

THE CHRONICLE

SHOW CORRESPONDENT

Herbert Wiesenthal

PLACE: Bronxville, N. Y.

TIME: December 9.

JUDGES: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Huberth.

EQUITATION CH.: Cynthia Stone.

Res.: Bonnie Martini.

SUMMARIES

Pear class (walk, trot)—1. Dorothy and Lillian Kortjohn; 2. Kay Stone; C. Francis; 3. Wendy Wright; Stephanie Martini; 4. John and Dick Collins.

Beginners (walk, trot)—1. Jeanne Bennington; 2. Stephanie Martini; 3. Judy Forrester; 4. Susan Powers.

Beginners (walk, trot)—1. Barbara Goodwin; 2. Carol Foot; 3. Susan Foot; 4. Theresa Feraco.

Pear class (walk, trot, canter)—1. Phil Ragonetti; Herb Wiesenthal; 2. Steve Shuster; Ralph Drews; 3. Ronnie and Dick Martini; 4. Cynthia Stone; Carol O'Brien.

Intermediate, under 16 (walk, trot, canter)—1. Jackie Morgan; 2. Mary Jane Fennell; 3. Marie Kadel; 4. Virginia Meola.

Bridle path hack—1. Top Notch, Cynthia Stone; 2. Jo-Jo, Saddle Tree Farms; 3. Doreyane, F. J. Koegel; 4. Commander, Louis J. Ragonetti.

Intermediate (walk, trot, canter)—1. Cissie Tumblety; 2. Jeanne O'Donnell; 3. Mary Fowler; 4. Janet Twigs.

Beginners, jumping—1. Molnar; 2. Joan Steuber; 3. Valarie Austin; 4. Mary Steiber.

Advanced horsemanship, adults—1. Marjorie Weisenburger; 2. Helyn Martini; 3. Barbara Wright; 4. Dot Spaulding.

Family class—1. Nick, Helyn and Ronnie Martini; 2. John and Carol O'Brien; 3. C. Francis, Barbara and Wendy Wright; 4. Pat Holden; Jeanne O'Donnell.

Advanced, under 18 (walk, trot, canter)—1. Cynthia Stone; 2. Ronnie Martini; 3. Ronnie Catalano; 4. Ralph Drews.

Hunter hack—1. Top Notch; 2. SoSo, Saddle Tree Farms; 3. Irish Dream, Wendy Wright; 4. Doreyane.

Horsemanship over fences—1. Ronnie Martini; 2. Cynthia Stone; 3. Phil Ragonetti; 4. Bob Haviland.

Border class—1. Irish Dream; 2. El Fox-o, John Collins; 3. Top Notch; 4. Brandywine, Nick Martini.

Working hunters—1. Top Notch; 2. Irish, Saddle Tree Farms; 3. SoSo; 4. Bo-Bo, Saddle Tree Farms.

Open jumpers—1. El Fox-o; 2. SoSo; 3. Bo-Bo; 4. Cavalier, Steve Shuster.

Musical chairs—Ronnie Catalano.

Secor Farms Indoor

The first of Secor Farms Riding Club's 6th annual series of indoor shows was held on December 9 and will continue every two weeks until April. Championships will then be awarded in each division for the horse or rider accumulating the most points. For the first time, these informal shows are open to other clubs in the Westchester area.

Miss Ada-Marie Kram and Miss Joan Parker topped the winner's section as they each accounted for two blue ribbons.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT

George

PLACE: White Plains, N. Y.

TIME: December 9.

JUDGE: Robert Gussenoven.

SUMMARIES

Working hunter hack—1. Tasket, Secor Farms; 2. Grand Summit, Secor Farms; 3. Bob Moffat Myers; 4. Royal Guard, Mrs. Georgina Manville.

Hunter seat equitation—1. Roberta Frank; 2. Heldy Schmid; 3. Kitty Kittel; 4. Margo Barry.

Working hunters—1. Grand Summit; 2. Hawk, Mrs. O. Appleton; 3. Reno Siren, Joan Parker; 4. Bob.

Intermediate horsemanship—1. Mrs. Georgina Manville; 2. Fred Lampe; 3. Mrs. Diane Parker; 4. Mel Livers.

Advanced horsemanship—1. Joan Parker; 2. Mrs. Nancy Lindsay; 3. Deidre Kearney; 4. Mrs. Frank Craig.

Hunt teams—1. Grand Summit; Mint Leaf, Secor Farms; Andante, Wee-3-Stables; 2. Spanish Gold, Mrs. Diane Parker; Reno Siren; Tasket; 3. Bob; Joe, Secor Farms; Dawn, Mrs. F. Craig; 4. Hawk; Mountain Flag, Secor Farms; Saki, Elspeth Eric.

Open jumping stake—1. Reno Siren.

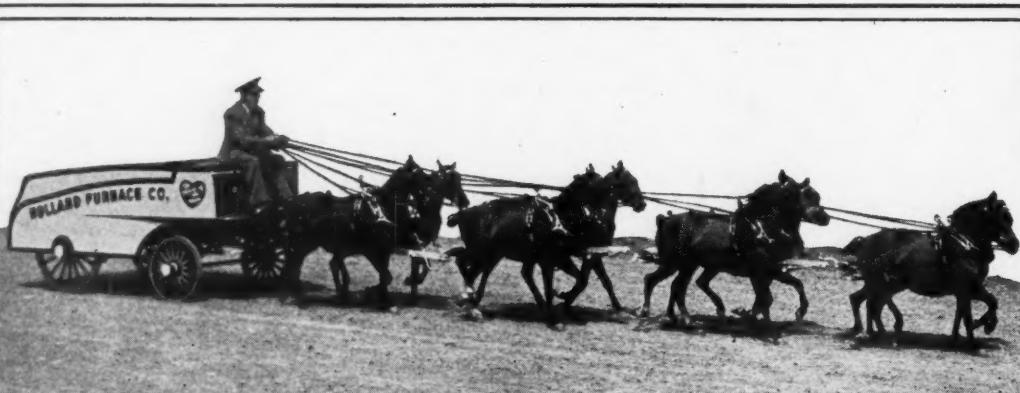


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